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OUR FLAG, OUR COUNTRY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

THE TIMES.

BY COCKNEY BOB.

OH! times is werry 'ard indeed,
They can't be not no 'arder,
My pockets I can't hinterlard,
And empty his my larder.
The Banks vont discount, no they vont,
It's wery bad behaving—
They've all turn'd into barber shops,
And *fleece* a cove by *shaving*.

And flour is *ris*—and so is beef,
They say they can't be *ris* er;
Oh! vot a dreadful pressure 'tis,
I hope it vont be *tis* er.
All trades is struck for 'igher pay,
And panic's struck the nation;
My backer's struck, and vants the dust,
And I'm struck with vexation.

Yet I vill try to brave it hout,
'Cause I ain't no flincher;
The times is *pinching*, to be sure,
They can't be not no *pincher*.
The merchant valks habout the streets,
As if 'is dander's risen;
He vonts to make 'is bussom friend
Security of 'is'n.

But friends is shy and rather rare,
Summut like vinter roses,
I've tried the game on five or six,
And *knowses* vot I *knowses*;
And if von lives hin 'is hown 'ouse;
He's got to pay 'is taxes—
And money's three per cent a day,
That's vot the brokers *axes*.

Men fails for millions vot can't pay
But von cent hin the dollar;
And speculator's vot's got rich,
Are pinched and screwed all holler.
My hies! I'm blow'd; since faces long
Is sich a bad precursor;
I'll make myself contented quite—
The times can't be no *wo ser!*

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONCERT SALOON.

THE night after the one on which the meeting of Harry and Eva had taken place, was dark and stormy; huge flakes of snow, intermingled with sleet, were falling, and the wind was bitterly cold. Even this circumstance, however, could not deter Harry from the pursuit of pleasure, and in company with Gus Mordaunt and Col. Cashton he strolled down Broadway that evening.

"I presume, Gus," said Col. Cashton, as they turned the corner of Canal street, "that Harry here has told you of his new love."

"Oh, yes," replied Gus, "splendid creature—raven hair—sparkling eyes—fine bust, ah!" and he comically rolled his eyes.

"Singular, too, wasn't it, that he should meet her at the Museum," remarked Cashton.

"Come, come, Colonel," interposed Harry, "a truce to this, for I declare to you solemnly that I love this girl."

"And is Louise so soon forgotten?" queried Gus.

"Not forgotten, but—" stammered Harry.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Gus.

"Eva has indeed played her cards well," was the internal comment of the Colonel.

"Let's turn down here," said Gus, stopping before a well known concert saloon, and accordingly the three gentlemen turned in, after paying a small entrance fee at the door. The hall into which they entered was some seventy-five feet in length by twenty wide. At the opposite end to that on which they entered, was erected a small stage with side scenes and a green baize curtain; in front of this was a small orchestra, consisting of a superannuated piano, a rheumatic bass-viol, and a cracked violin; along the sides, and down the centre of the room was arranged a series of benches, the backs of which had fastened on to them a little shelf serving as a stand for persons behind them to set their glasses upon. Immediately beside the entrance door stood a small bar, attended by a small man in very dirty linen. Some half-a-dozen attractive-looking females officiated as waiters, and they appeared to get along exceedingly well with the motley crowd assembled within the hall. Upon one of the benches did our three friends take a seat, and Gus, summoning one of the waitresses to him, ordered drinks for the party. Upon her appearance with the liquor, Gus immediately challenged her to match pennies to see whether he'd pay for the drinks, or treat to another round, which kind offer she declined.

"By Heavens, Gus," suddenly cried Harry, who had been gazing around at the multitude, "There's the three scoundrels that I saved Mark Winter from—see them over there—the one with the black whiskers is the one I had the tussle with."

"Yes, yes," cried Gus "and they have discovered you, for they are gazing earnestly at you."

"True but I don't believe they'll harm me."

"We'd better keep an eye on them at all events, for they're d—d villainous looking scoundrels," said the Colonel.

It was as Harry had stated; there were the three identical ruffians whom we introduced in our first chapter.

Let us see what they are doing.

"Boys," said Bill Styles, "thar's that downy cove as spiled the shape of my nozzle the other night."

"The same von as caused me to lose one of the best knives ever seed," growled one of his pals.

"And that laid me out as cold as a mack'rel," muttered the other.

"Then it's clearly evident we've all got a 'count to settle with him," asserted Stiles.

"I has," responded the two outcasts.

"There never was a time known when such critters got the best of us," remarked Stiles.

"Never."

"Then we must find a plan to head 'em."

"I've got an idea," remarked one of them, whom we shall term Swift.

"Out with it."

"Get up a row, and knife him in the muss."

"Very good," responded Stiles, "but how'l ve kick up the shindy?"

"Do you see that gal thar?" demanded Swift, pointing to one of the waitresses.

"In course I does."

"Vell, she is pertic'lar sweet on me, and I can rope her in to help us."

"Vell, how? Spit out your plan."

"Vy?" responded Swift; "ve can purtend to insult the gal, and she flies to them for purtection. Ve goes to take the gal away, and he von't guv'er up. Then he hits us, and then the muss begins, and we knifes him."

The villain spoke in such a cool, unconcered tone, that Harry would have felt extremely uncomfortable could he have heard it.

"Werry good plan," said Stiles.

"There's one thing 'gainst it, though, said the ruffian, who had hitherto been silent.

"What's that?" asked Swift.

"There's three on 'em together," was the reply.

"Wot o'that? Yer can see they're flash coves; as for that ar bearded fellow, one good pull at his whiskers'll settle him," responded Stiles.

"Vell, ve'd better commence soon, for they're watchin' us," said Swift, as he summoned the waitress to them.

"Them devils over there are plotting mischief," remarked Cashton to Gus.

"Let them plot and be d——d; I ain't afraid of them," was the valiant reply.

"Yes, but a muss in here ain't desirable," remarked Harry.

"By Jove!" suddenly cried Cashton; "see that girl? they're insulting her. Ha! she flies from them. 'What's the matter, girl?'" he continued, as the waitress threw herself shrieking into Harry's arms.

"Oh, sir," she cried, with affected terror; "protect me—protect me."

"Certainly, certainly; but from what?" asked Harry.

"From those frightful men," she cried; "see, see, they are coming;" and she swooned away.

Harry supported her in his arms for an instant, then, as Bill Styles, Swift, and their comrade approached, he laid her carefully on the bench.

"See here, my young cock, ve vants that gal," observed Swift.

"For what?" replied Harry, coolly.

"That's nuffin to do with it," answered Swift.

"It has much to do with it," replied Harry; and he continued earnestly, "it will be much better for your welfare to leave here. We have already roughed against one another once, and you know who had the worst of it."

"Bah!" interposed Stiles; "release that girl, or—" and he placed himself in a threatening attitude.

"Oh! if that's your game, *I'm* your man," suddenly cried Gus, assuming a highly scientific position.

"Give 'em some, boys, shouted Stiles, aiming a tremendous blow at Harry, which was warded off by Gus, who planted his dexter mawley full in the face of the foiled bully. Instantly a row began that was worthy of the Five Points in its palmiest days. The men in the saloon, who had gathered around during the "wordy war," instantly took sides, and blows were dealt out right and left. Col. Cashton was seized by the burly Swift and hurled over a bench, where he lay in peace and quietness. Gus had clinched with Styles, and with the aid of his boots was vigorously employed in the endeavor to reduce that individual's shins to a mass of pulp. By some fortuitous circumstance, Harry had been separated from the wretches who sought his life, but was mantully striving to regain his friends. At this juncture the scene was frightful; glasses were traversing the air like bombshells; stools were torn up and wielded with terrible effect; knives were drawn, and to complete the confusion, the stove was overturned, and a cry of "fire" arose.

"I say, Swift," muttered Styles, "we'd better get out the best we can; the buffers'll be on us in a minute;" and the three villains made a united rush for the door. The passage was in a measure obstructed by Harry, who was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with a huge Irishman.

"Now's your time,' cried Styles; and Swift drew from his pocket a huge knife, opening with a spring, with which he made a rapid pass at Harry. The movement, however, was noticed by our hero, who by a sudden effort released himself from his antagonist, dodged the blow, and throwing himself upon Swift, by a violent exertion of strength, succeeded in hurling him to the floor. The next instant the report of a pistol was heard; Harry felt a sharp twinge in his thigh, and he fell fainting over the prostrate form of his foe. The saloon was almost instantly deserted, save by a few. Among those who fled were Styles and his comrade. Rapidly did the former dash along Canal street to the corner of Mulberry, where a driving storm compelled him to pause for breath. A hand was laid on his shoulder. Quickly turning, he confronted the tall person of Col. Cashton.

"Scoundrel!" said he, "I saw you fire that shot. Nay, don't start; you cannot hate that young man worse than I do. Where can I see you to-morrow?"

"For vot duz yer vant ter see me?" growled Stiles.

"To put money in your pocket. Quick! quick! your address?" impatiently demanded Cashton.

"Oliver street, near Water. Look out for the sign of the Widow's, and beware of treachery!" he added, and as he concluded, Stiles dashed hastily down the street.

On Cashton's return to the saloon he found the police in occupancy of the place. Harry was stretched upon the bar-counter, and one of the officers was examining his wound, which was fortunately only a flesh one. The scoundrel, Swift, was in custody, declaiming loudly against his companions for deserting him. Gus was engaged in righting himself after the "promiscuous affair," as he termed it. A coach was soon called, and Harry, still weak from loss of blood, was placed in it, and with Gus by his side, rapidly whirled home.

CHAPTER IX.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

"A bad business for Young Lorromer," said Mr. Mark Winter, to his sister-in-law, at the breakfast table. He had just been reading the *Herald*, in which was given a full account of the affair of the previous night.

"Yes; but he's getting very reckless," sighed Mrs. Winter.

"And who is the cause of it?" interposed Susan, with a piercing glance at Louise.

"Well, well, Susan dear, let bygones be bygones," good-humoredly interposed the Californian. "It's possible that Louise, in refusin' to hitch onto him, mought hev made some dif'rence in his way of livin'; but then—" and he gave a very significant shrug of his shoulders.

"Well," said Mrs. Winter, "I'm sure I done all for the best; we've tasted the cup of poverty so long that—"

"At the sacrifice of your feelings, even, you was bent on obtainin' riches. Well, well, I'll step down and see young Harry, and come back soon. Good-by all; kiss me, Susan, dear," and biting a huge chaw of the pure Virginia from a plug of it, Mr. Mark Winter sallied forth.

"And I," thought Susan, "will go and pray for his safety," and she, too, left the room.

"My children," said Mrs. Winter, after a moment's pause, "that girl must leave this house to-day."

"Why, mamma?" inquired Emma.

"Are you blind, child? Do you not see that she is entwining herself more and more around the heart of your uncle Mark?"

"Well, Susan is a very good girl, and I don't see why she shouldn't love him," replied Emma.

"And get all his property, too? That is the point, you giddy creature. If matters are allowed to proceed in this way, why she'll be the heiress to all his fortune; then what would become of me and you?"

"Oh! I'll be married, mamma," laughed Emma.

"You may; but we must not trust to fortune. You know the old proverb, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' No, no, leave it to me. Susan shall go, and I'll contrive to make it appear that she has fled voluntarily."

"But it is so cruel, mamma," pleaded Emma.

"It is not cruel; it is just," responded Mrs. Winter, unconsciously using the words of Richelieu; "but I hear her footsteps," she added, "so to your room; and, Louise, dear, you must hasten and finish your bridal dress, for the time is close at hand." Silently acquiescing in these demands, the two sisters left the room as Susan entered.

"Susan, my dear niece," said Mrs. Winter, after a moment's fidgeting—for, callous-hearted as she was, she felt her task to be an unpleasant one—"Susan, my dear niece, I desire to have a moment's private talk with you."

"Certainly, madam," responded Susan.

"My dear niece, I am a mother, and as a mother, it is necessary that I should exercise a careful look out for the welfare of my daughters."

"Very true, aunt," responded Susan, wonderingly.

"Well, then, it is a fact that you, unconsciously I am sure, are debarring my dear Emma from the enjoyment of perfect happiness," said the wily woman.

"I, Madam?" cried Susan, in astonishment.

"Yes, 'tis true," said Mrs. Winter, applying her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Explain, tell me how," cried Susan, still in amazement.

"It is a painful, but a necessary task, my dear girl," rejoined Mrs. Winter; perhaps it were better I should not tell you."

"For the love of Heaven, tell me," implored Susan.

"Well, then," responded the weeping hypocrite, "you must know that the day after my poor dear brother's arrival here, he told me confidentially of his intention to make my dear Emma his heiress. Well, it is clearly evident to me that you love your uncle very fondly."

"I do, aunt," I do," cried Susan.

"He also notices it, and though he is flattered by it, it grieves him."

"But how, how?" asked Susan.

"Do you not see he is compelled to show you marks of favor, and each mark so shown tends to my daughter's unhappiness?"

"In what way, madam?' ejaculated the wondering Susan.

"Why, she feels that though she has his fortune, she has not his love," sobbed Mrs. Winter.

"Well, madam, well," said Susan; calmly.

"Can you not or will you not see that there is but one course left open by which my daughter's happiness may be fully secured?"

"And that course, Madam—"

"Is for—"

"Me to leave the house," said Susan, calmly.

"True, true," painful as it is, I feel that it is the only course," said Mrs. Winter.

"Well, madam, I shall go," said Susan.

"If you would—for a time—I can give you money—I have friends in Connecticut—go to them—" stammered and hesitated the heartless and deceiving woman of the world.

"No, madam, not that way shall I go, but a lone, unaided woman that I am, shall I issue forth to struggle with the great world," cried Susan with an energy that startled even Mrs. Winter.

"You will take some money, however."

"Why should I? Do I not owe you enough already? Have you not for years cherished and sustained me? It is right that I should go; long enough have I burdened you, and within an hour I leave the house forever," cried Susan, passionately.

"But you will not go to-day? wait a week or a month," interposed Mrs. Winter.

"Now, now," cried Susan, with startling vehemence. Then, with biting sarcasm, she added, "am I not a bar to thy daughter's happiness?" and forth from the room she sped.

Mrs. Winter, acute as she was, had not discovered that Susan had penetrated the hypocritical mask she wore, and that the main-spring of her actions was exposed to the vigilant mind of the girl; for a moment after Susan's hurried departure from the room, the wily woman reflected for a moment, and then giving vent to a single sentence—'it is better so"—hastened to apprize her daughters of the result of her interview with their proud and high-spirited cousin. This (to her) pleasing task was hardly accomplished ere Susan herself, arrayed in her simplest robes, came to bid them farewell. We will do Louise and Emma the justice to say that they both felt deeply grieved at her departure, and would have detained her, if it was not that the cold gray eye of their mother was fixed upon them with a meaning expression. At length the last adieus were spoken, and the street door of Mrs. Winter's house closed forever on her niece. *Out in the world!*

"Whither shall I go?" murmured Susan. "To my friends? Alas! I have none. Yet, stay—Col. Cashton desired me to go into his employ; yet it would be so unmaidenly in me. No, no, I will not go to him. My uncle, who loves me, why not see him? No, he would despise me were I to come to him as a beggar; not to him, either. Oh! would that I were dead. And why not die? Surely there's nought to live for. Despised by him I love—friendless and alone—ay, I will die. And yet, is it not decreed that my life is not mine own? 'Tis but a sophistry—I'll heed it not—the dark waters shall receive me." Filled with this terrible idea, the poor girl walked rapidly toward the river.

* * * * * * * * *

Scene.—A scantily furnished, but neat room, on the first floor of a small building in 2—th street. In a large rocking chair is seated a short, fat, middle-aged woman, with a tendency to yellow sacks and black skirts. In the window is standing a beautiful girl, a blonde, of some eighteen summers.

"Mary," said Mrs. Grim, "I've got another of them awful pains across me."

"Have you, ma?" said Mary, smiling.

"I wish you'd stop laughing at me, and get me about a table-spoonful of that brandy, and a little peppermint," cried Mrs. Grim, with much apparent difficulty.

"I'll get it for you, ma, but then I do not think it will do you much good, for you're so used to it, that—" smiled pretty Mary.

"Silence, you undutiful, impudent girl," screamed the mother. "Ah!" she continued, as Mary brought her the mixture in an old tea-cup, "ah, things aren't now as they was when I was a gal. No no; my father used to have whole demijohns of the very best of—"

"Oh! mother, mother," cried Mary, who had returned to the window, "here's a poor girl who has fainted on the doorstep."

"Well, what is that to us? probably she's a prostitute," cried Mrs. Grim.

"She *is* not, mother," emphatically replied Mary; "and I will not leave her there exposed to all those men's insults;" and the kind-hearted girl dashed out of the door, and, by a slight exertion of strength, succeeded in bringsing into the house the almost insensible form of Susan Winter.

"Why, la, that's a young lady," cried Mrs. Grim, hastily rising, and forgetting her pain in her anxiety to do something.

"Where am I?" queried Susan, wonderingly.

"Safe, and with your own sex," replied Mary.

"True, true, I remember now, I was seized with a vertigo—my head swam—I fell; I—it was providential, young lady, for I thought to kill myself," cried Susan.

"Kill yourself," echoed the horror-stricken Mary.

"Yes, yes; but, thank Heaven, I am saved from that crime," and the unhappy Susan bowed her head on Mary's bosom, and wept.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SKATING.

A FEW years ago, on the approach of winter, the one thing thought of by the gay and frolic-loving of the well-to-do people of the community, was the opportunities the season would afford for a full enjoyment of sleighing. Parties were projected and sleighs ordered a month in advance of the fall of snow. A sleigh ride and an hour or two's dance in the ball room was then the fashionable thing to do, and the belles and beaux made due preparation for the anticipated event of the season, far in advance of the appointed time, the former by making up appropriate costumes, and the latter by striving which could furnish the best turn-out in the way of sleighs and horses. The attendant expense of these frolics was such that a few times during the season sufficed to absorb the surplus funds of those who indulged in them. Indeed, it was not unfrequent when a single sleigh ride would cost the masculine projector of it a hundred dollar bill. Now, all this is changed; skates have taken the place of sleighs. Instead of a hundred dollar bill being spent by Augustus Jones for a sleigh ride with that dear girl Angelica, all he has to do is to present her with a pair of handsome skates and a ticket to the skating pond, and he has incurred the principal expense he will be subjected to for the season's fashionable out-door sport; and as regards the attractive character of the two amusements, we decidedly prefer the skating pond. True, it is delightful to sit beside a lovely girl, encased in warm fur robes, gliding along the glistening roadway of hardened snow, handling the reins attached to a fast-going horse; but then it is not a very unpleasant task, you know, to teach the same lovely feminine how to skate, for in imparting the requisite knowledge, how often one has to keep the dear one from falling, and isn't it nice to have a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl clinging to you for dear life, as it were. And then when practice has imparted the required skill, and she can accompany you around the pond arm-in-arm, what opportunities are not afforded for those charming *tete-a-tetes* one reads of. And then the society you have. Why, a fashionable skating pond affords all facilities for conversation, exercise, amusement, flirting, fun, and frolic, that is combined in the several occupations that engage the attentions of the fashionable portion of the community during a whole winter's season. For the thorough enjoyment of sleighing, it is necessary that the roads should be in good condition, and, in this vicinity, this does not occur more than once in a season, and then, perhaps, but for a few days; whereas, during two-thirds of our winter days, skating can be fully enjoyed on all our enclosed ponds. But it is unnecessary to enlarge further on the superior advantages of skating over sleighing as a winter amusement; suffice it to say that skating is now the fashion, and will be indulged in, to its fullest extent, for many years to come.

HOW TO GET ALONG.—We have some suggestions to offer, which will enable our readers to get throguh life in the most easy manner. If a bee has the audacity to sheathe its sting in your cuticle, justice demands that you should instantly upset the hive wherein the offender has his headquarters, and exterminate every bee therein. If a dog bites you in the calf of the leg stern justice demands that you should bite the dog in the calf of his leg. On the sublime principle, if an irate donkey rudely elevates his posterior extremities against your sacred person, the true way is to kick back. If a horse falls upon you, the same principle of *lex talionis* requires that you should fall upon the horse. If Joggs calls you a liar, the treatment is to call him a liar, and a thief into the bargain. If you are a farmer, and a neighbor's cow happens to get into your young corn, your instant mode of satisfaction is to turn all your cows, hogs, etc., into his own. By following out these sublime ideas of justice and self-respect, your daily life will be full of sweet peace, and you will eventually become as docile and playful as a kitten.

To prevent starvation—Eat very frequently.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. M., Haverstraw.—"We are playing a game of Whist; one side stands at nine and the other at eight. The party at eight holds three honors, and claims the game, but the party that is nine say they are not game, without making the odd trick. The nine party say they are out first if they get the odd trick. Which party is correct?"......It is a rule at whist, that when a party has made eight points, and one of the partners holds two honors, he may put the query any time before he plays in the first round, but not after—can you one?—meaning, have you an honor? If the reply is in the affirmative, and they have three honors betwixt them, the game is terminated in their favor without playing that hand. Therefore the party standing at eight wins, if they make the call as above.

One of the Old Sports, Brooklyn.—There were two M'Kays, and both of them Scotchmen; both were also named Alexander; and what is a still greater coincidence, both fought and were defeated by men named Byrne. One, however, was a light weight, while the other, the Scotch champion, was among the heavies. It was the latter M'Kay, the Scotch champion, who was defeated by *Simon* Byrne; and who died from injuries received in his second fight with Byrne. The opponent of the other M Kay was named *Wm.* Byrne.

E. W., Philadelphia.—Mr. Butler's Broadway Music Hall was originally called Brougham's Lyceum, and was opened by Mr. Brougham for theatrical purposes in December, 1850. It was afterwards leased to Mr. Wallack, and under that gentleman's management was called Wallack's Theatre. When Mr. W., erected his new establishment in Thirteenth street, Mr. Butler secured a short lease of the old theatre at a rent of $12,000 yearly, and it is now occupied as a concert saloon or music hall.

C. H. W., Albany.—The terms are reasonable, but at present we do not intend to make any new arrangement. The "Captain" has always had justice done him in these columns. Should we alter our present determination, we will seek you out. The "free arrangement" is objectionable just now.

Two Boys, Cincinnati.—The runner who first breasts the handkerchief, or touches it with his body, wins the race. Clutching it with the hands will not answer, for one person may be in the rear, and yet, though having longer arms than his adversary, may grasp the handkerchief first.

J. B., Po'keepsie.—We hold that when a partner assists, the dealer *cannot* go alone. Hoyle says he can, or he cannot; but that the point should be settled before commencing the game.

Harry St. Clair—*Euchre*.—The right bower having been played the left bower is the highest card remaining out, and can take the ace, or any other trump in hand.

D. G. D.—Bill Poole was shot on Sunday, Feb. 24, 1855, and died March 7 of the same year. The ball was lodged in his heart and extracted after death.

Romulus.—The fact of an alien enlisting in the military service of the United States, does not entitle him to any of the rights of citizenship.

Worcester, Mass.—It will be necessary for us to see a copy of the rules under which the main was fought before we can decide the point. Send us a copy.

J. B. Hunter Bordentown, N. J.—The battle of Lexington was fought on the 19th of April, 1775, and the battle of Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June, of the same year.

Star.—Morrissey bet Heenan that he, Heenan, would not go to England and fight Sayers. Heenan won the bet, and the stakes were paid to him.

Mazeppa.—Gray Stranger trotted against Sorrel Ned, at Wyoming, Pa., Jan. 1, 1859, and was beaten, the best time of the trot being 2:55. We have no record of the other event.

M. B., 10th Mass., Regt.—In playing forty-fives, if your opponent leads the ace of hearts, and you have no trumps, you must follow suit (in hearts) if you can.

R. A. J., Philadelphia.—Mr. E. Eddy appeared as "Jack Cade" at the New Bowery Theatre, in this city, on Monday evening, Oct. 21, 1860.

C. Whitney, Cleveland.—The letter addressed to C. Whitney, was forwarded to Philadelphia some days ago, in care of Frank Rivers.

J. Brown, Milwaukee.—1. Nashville is about 180 miles south of Louisville. 2. Memphis is about 225 miles west of Nashville.

S. H. W., Cadosia Valley.—Nos. 38 and 39 are out of print; should we be successful in procuring a supply, we will forward them.

H. N. H., Baltimore.—Concert halls in this city have to pay the same license fee as theatres, viz., $500 per annum.

Subscriber, Cairo.—Mr. Forrest has not performed in England since the Astor Place Riot.

Gideon's Band.—1. An English mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards. 2. An English league is three miles.

C. P. M., Louisville.—Yes. Send on your quarter and we will forward them.

Minstrelsy, New York.—Negro wigs may be purchased for from $3 to $4 each. Address, H. Alderton, No 283 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

J. W., Toronto, C. W.—We have no work treating on that subject at present.

Nemo, Philadelphia.—They have suspended, and, we believe, for an indefinite period.

W., Washington, D. C.—1. Jack Randall was never defeated. 2. Tom Cribb met with defeat but once.

Ed. J., Birmingham, Eng.—Yours of the 2nd inst at hand. Good on your head.

W. L. C., Camp Dupont.—Money received. Postage amounts to 26 cents.

E. J. P., Providence.—Try M. Nelson, 421 Broadway, New York.

S. W., Baltimore.—Bendigo's real name is Wm. Thompson.

Rover, Cambridge.—Turning up Jack puts him out at once.

D and P., Louisville.—Three of a kind is the better hand.

Wattie Rusher.—It is not spicy enough for publication.

Flints, Philad'a.—Not of sufficient general interest.

F. S., Boston.—Paul Jones was a native of Scotland.

Young Rapid, Philad'a.—Package received all right.

Didometricus.—Will examine, and report in our next.

Salem.—The rule is imperative.

J. Q.—See answer to Worcester.

D. W. F., St. Louis.—At last advices they were in Australia.

4, 11, 44.—There is some little flutter among those whose policy it is to deal in little slips and mysterious figures; and they fear that when the "faro bankers" shall have come to an untimely end, the "perfidious myrmidons of the law" may take it into their heads to visit the policy shops, and saddle the "poor players" with a bill of costs. So there is great tribulation in the land of Nod, and "dreamers" fear their occupation may soon be gone.

Curling.—The New York Caledonia Club, we are informed, offers as a prize, a pair of curling stone handles, free to all, whether members of clubs or not. The handles were to have been contended for on Saturday afternoon last, but a fall of the aquatic element more copious than a Scotch mist, prevented the attendance of many Misters and Misses, and the contemplated sport turned up missing. It is to be hoped that a day suitable for the sport may soon be picked out by the clerk of the weather, and sent on this way by express, marked C. O. D.

Mace and King.—The day is fast approaching when another battle for the championship of England is to be decided between the men whose names head this article. Thus far there has been but little interest created by the match, but at last accounts some feeling was beginning to be manifested in the result, although speculation was not very lively, the supporters of King holding out for greater odds than had yet been offered by the friends of the present champion. All matters of interest connected with the match will be found duly recorded in our foreign summary of Ring items.

Novel Skating Challenge.—Charles Lozier, well known as one of the genuine "old sports," will skate a match for from $100 to $500 a side, on one foot, with one skate, the match to come off one week from the time of the first deposit, or as soon as the weather will permit. Any person desiring to take up the banter, can do so by calling on or addressing J Black, on the Eighth Avenue, at the entrance to the Park. [How is it, Charley, do you bar wooden and cork legs, crutches, etc.? Some of "them fellers" can make their "single pin" travel like the "old boy," you know. Ed.]

Skating in Chicago.—The Central Skating Park there has been well patronized of late, and the ice, for several days, was excellent. The park is a large enclosure, securely fenced and guarded, and is under the supervision of Caryl Young. These skating parks are just the places for nervous ladies, dyspeptic gentlemen, and delicate boys and girls to recuperate energy and strength, and that glorious flow of spirits which a condition of perfect health imparts.

Wanted.—At this office, a few copies of Nos 38 and 39, Vol. 9, of the Clipper, for which full price will be paid, or copies of later editions given in exchange.

COMING EVENTS.

Ever since the breaking out of the rebellion, sporting interests have been in a depressed condition in cities and towns where they formerly made such headway; for nearly all our young men at once took up arms in defence of the Union, and gave up the pleasures and pastimes of the social circle for the stern realities and privations of a soldier's life. We question much whether any other class of people have entered into the war with such spirit as our sporting friends—the cricketer, the ball player, the pedestrian, the exponent of the art of self-defence, all vieing in the good work of being foremost in offering their services in defence of that Union under whose flag they have always enjoyed such untold blessings. More or less of our young and old sports may be found in every regiment now in the service of the federal administration. And though this great thinning out of our sporting classes may have a tendency to injure the progress of our physical recreations for the time being, yet the material is forming which shall give a revival to our pastimes, when the war shall have ended, beyond anything ever anticipated. In camp life, the time usually hangs heavy upon the soldiers, but we learn from our army correspondence that foot races, ball games, and even boxing matches have been introduced among the men in our army, and that all who participate in such pastimes give free expression to the beneficial results experienced by them. Many officers who never before took a "hand in" at any of our out-door games, are now among the leading spirits in the conduct of such matters; and the influence exerted thereby is spreading throughout the entire army. "Young America" must have his sport, be he a soldier or a civilian, and with the leisure afforded him by a life of soldierly inactivity, he has ample time in which to indulge his sportive tastes. Great good will be the result of this. When the rebellion is crushed, and the army of the Union mustered out of service, we will then have an abundance of the right sort of stuff with which to recruit our forces for the encouragement and practice of physical games and pastimes. As our friends are mustered out of the army, they will be mustered into the service for the peaceful pursuit of health-giving exercises for the mind and body.

We have but little sporting news to chronicle just now—all is quiet, but it is the calm that precedes the storm, for ere long every field shall feel the tread of the coming army of sports, and the hills shall re-echo their glad shouts. The addition to our ranks will be immense—clubs will organise here, there, and everywhere, and we shall not be far behind England in the observance of popular out-door games. We are still and benumbed, as it were, at present; but the sun of our re-united Union will soon infuse fresh life into us, and the federal army will have accomplished other good than that secured by the fierce conflict of battle. Let the good work go on. Let our soldiers profit by their present position. Inactivity begets idleness, and idleness leads to almost every crime. Avoid this. Engage in running, or boxing, for both are conducive to health, by expanding the lungs, giving strength to the muscles, and bringing into active play every part of the human structure. Fencing, also, is one of the best exercises, and should be more generally practiced. There are many ways by which the soldier may benefit his physical system, and secure to himself a fresh lease of life. We have received letters from parties now in the army, who heretofore were in a delicate and feeble condition of both mind and body—for the former is influenced for good or ill by health or disease of the latter—and they inform us that the writers never enjoyed better health than they now do; that the change from city life to "roughing it" in camp, has done wonders for them; many, before diseased, are now made whole. They are thrown out of the way of temptation. Wine and women—too often the incentives to make man forget his position, and become a beast—are ruled out from the "army of occupation," and the beneficent effects of such a wise procedure are everywhere made manifest.

We can well afford to undergo a season of inactivity when we know that good results to the sporting cause are sure to follow. "The good time is coming—wait a little longer."

The Billiard Match.—The match between Messrs. Dudley Kavanagh and Michael Foley, of which we gave some particulars in our last issue, may be considered as on, the former having accepted the conditions propounded by the latter, without an *if*. He has made some further suggestions, however, one of which is, that both matches shall be played in public, and an admission fee charged to witness them, the proceeds of which are to be donated to some charitable object, minus a reasonable amount for expenses. It is a good idea, and we further suggest that the soldiers get the money. Mr. Colton is named as the stakeholder, or the holder of a forfeit of $250 on the part of each, to be retained until the stakes for the last match are deposited. Kavanah also proposes that if the match should result in each winning once, that a third bout take place at Buffalo for $500 a side, by way of proving who is the better man. The day for the match is set for the sixth Thursday after the forfeit is deposited, to take place in Cleveland, and for the second, the fourth Thursday after, in New York. Considerable speculation on the merits of the men, and the chances of either one winning, is already going on, the knowing ones being puzzled very much, and afraid to venture a positive opinion, because of the very close thing they made of it in their last encounter in Detroit, when Kavanagh won by only 11 points, after making the extraordinary run of 177. Foley, we are informed, is playing remarkably well, and so is Kavanagh; indeed, if he plays as well for money as he does for amusement, we venture the opinion that he will win, but it is said that he is apt to be nervous when playing matches, and if that be so, predictions in his favor will be apt to prove premature, for Foley's great *forte* is his nerve, he being full of confidence, and very self-possessed. Time will tell, however, and so will nerve and talent; so let us await the result with patience, and then accord each man his full meed of praise. We cannot but admire the very straightforward manner of both men in settling the preliminaries of this match, which has been done unostentatiously and quietly. They will of course now busy themselves in getting in the best of trim for the encounter, and the ivories and cue leathers will be put to a lively test for the coming six weeks, and as the day for the event approaches, dollars and dimes will be largely staked thereon.

A Rabid Preacher.—When the news of the capture of Mason and Slidell reached England, one of the leading divines of that country, in the course of a bitter harangue upon the prospect of a war with the United States, advised, among other foolish things, that England should "blow all the Federal craft out of the water, bombard all the seaports, and lay New York in ashes—thus settling forever the American question!" This meek and lowly follower of the "Prince of Peace" has since had time to reflect upon the "superiority of mind over matter," and, probably by this time has had reason to thank God that his impious counsels were not heeded. Our Saviour was once tempted by Satan, and it is not surprising that the British Cabinet should be tempted by one of his emissaries in disguise.

Sleighing and Skating.—These two kinds of amusement have been followed up with more or less vigor in the region round about Gotham during the past week, notwithstanding that the clerk of the weather has been exceedingly fickle, minded. Every day has come to us clothed in its own particular garb as regards weather. Frost and thaw, snow and hail, rain and sunshine, wind and calm, have all been don'd in their respective turns, so that plans for the morrow have invariably been frustrated. It is to be hoped that this state of things will be improved on this week, so that projects for future sport may not be interfered with.

Ominous.—So little effect have the bluster and braggadocia of the British press upon the Feberal administration, that our Secretary of State has assisted British troops in reaching their destination in Canada. Considering that these troops are the "advance of the provincial army," it does not look as though "our side" apprehended much of a storm after all. The sending of these troops to Canada reminds us of the "forty thousand men who marched up a hill, and then marched down again."

Can't Do It.—Johnny Bull would no doubt like to have us "knock a chip off his hat," but we can't do it just now; we haven't the time; at some more fitting opportunity we may oblige him, but at present we cannot afford to try a fight with England. When Jeff. Davis shall have been squelched, Johnny can "get on," providing he is "of the same opinion still."

Sporting Summary.—There is quite a dearth in the sporting world, over the water, owing, in a great measure, to the great interest concentrated upon the great fight between Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke. We gather a few items, however, in a condensed form, of more or less interest to the American reader:—

On matters pugilistic, we learn that Charley Lynch is challenged by Young Lead to fight at 7st 12lb, for £50 a side. Lead, also, sends out a defi to Young Holden, who recently defeated Lynch, desiring to meet that "individ." at 8st, for £100. Either of his challenges may Lead to a fight......Charley Lynch, not satisfied with his meeting with Young Holden, invites him to another trial, at same weight as before, for £25 a side. Holden may refuse, and Hold on to his laurels won, as Lynch, in a second bout, may pin him......Young Dutch Sam was out with a signification of a desire to meet Young Holden for £50 a side......We have to record the death of ould Mat Robinson, a well-known pugilist, which occurred at Manchester on the evening of Sunday, 29th ult. He had been ailing for some time, but was in better health on Saturday. He was attacked on Sunday evening at ten o'clock, and gradually sunk. He was interred at All Saints Church, Manchester......Pedestrianism was at a stand still. Deerfoot was in the shade, keeping dark, White trying by several ineffectual attempts to draw him out to run from five to fifty miles, giving the "Injun" ten yards start in every mile..... On the 31st ult., Bill Benjamin undertook to run eleven miles in one hour and thirty minutes, at Shirentown, staking £5:10 against a pig, valued at the same in money. The line of country run over was particularly hilly, but Benjamin accomplished the distance in one hour and sixteen minutes.

The Celebrated.—By reference to the report of the battle between Brettle and Rooke, given elsewhere, it will be seen that the *Sporting Life*—from which we take it—in the twelfth round—says that the *Celebrated* left the ring. Of course it can be no other body than Dowling, the *celebrated* run-away of Farnborough, for he is celebrated for nothing else. What a flying, yelping cur he must be, and what a cowardly cuss to boss the British P. R. If he isn't (Johnny) Bull Run personified, we would like to know who is. It is about time the pugilists over the water pitched this Dowty and racy referee overboard, that he may no longer reflect, by his pedestrian antics, on the courage of the devotees of the manly art, whom he seeks to control, and to whom he often reads homilies on curishness. Again, why did he not leave a substitute in his place, when he vacated his post at Farnborough, as in this last instance? A poser for him, we'll bet. Your pecuniary interests did not intervene this time, did they, Dow? Now own up. The "Celebrated" of Farnborough against Deerfoot, the Indian, for a pound to a penny.

The Great £5000 Fight.—The battle between the 142lb. men, Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke, in reference to which so much excitement has been caused among the British pugs, has been partially fought, only, as after two meets on two separate days, owing to the police having their put in, a day in the future—March 11—has been named for a final settlement. It appears to have been a desperately fought battle, somewhat in favor of Brettle, although he was lamed, and by no means had the easy thing he expected. He appears, also, to be a little shy in reference to the future meeting, as he declines at present to increase the stakes, although bantered to do so by Rooke. As the affair was not terminated within the week named, all bets are off, which will, we apprehend, take off the £300 bet, unless again made. See full report of the set-to in our foreign department.

Billiards.—This favorite indoor amusement bids fair to become still more popular from the fact that proprietors of several saloons have already made a reduction in their schedule of prices for a "push at the balls." Among those who have "come down," is Harry Smith, of No. 161 Bowery, who fixes the rate of "carombolaerostation" at ten cents per game. Others have made a reduction, and many more will speedily follow in the same track. The game will not be "set back" by this movement; on the contrary, it will give it a fresh start, and add materially to its popularity.

Camp Theatricals.—Among the most noticeable amusements of camp life among our soldiers, is that of dramatic representations, which have recently been introduced in several regiments on the Potomac, and in the western division of the army. By this means many an evening is passed in the most pleasant manner by officers as well as privates. What with outdoor recreations, and camp theatricals, the Union volunteers are at no loss for amusements.

Things is Workin'.—Our rebellious neighbors are dreadfully shocked at the idea of our giving up two such scallywags as Mason and Slidell, and they labor under the delusion that cowardice prompted us to hand over the "white contrabands." All right, neighbors; call it cowardice, or anything you please. Old Abe don't wan to go into a fresh fight just now, with one hand tied behind him. But all will come out right in the end. We are marching on.

All Up.—The "Little Joker" is receiving the tender attentions of Superintendent Kennedy's "blue tailed flies." Another gambling saloon was visited on the 15th, and "the things" were captured. The house is one of our neighbors, 17 Ann street, and a flourishing trade has heretofore been done there. Several arrests were made, and the proprietor, Norris, was held to answer. But as for fare, and its hosts, who overthrew them? Kennedy the mighty, high over all.

Boxers in Camp.—Harry Lazarus, the accomplished, informs us that Denny Horrigan, the indomitable, Mike Trainor, the polite, himself, and the rest of the boys at Camp Butler, are in health, and are as merry as crickets. Harry expects soon to be in New-York on a brief furlough. He will be welcomed.

Interesting to Sportsmen.—There has been introduced into the N. Y. Legislature, a bill which permits the killing or securing of any dog running at large without a muzzle, unless it be a dog used for hunting, and which shall have been registered as such with the County Clerk, and shall have a collar with the owner's name engraved thereon, round its neck; and imposes a tax of one dollar on every dog above one, owned by any individual.

The Police and the Pugilists.—The police made an effort last week to get up a time by arresting several of the spectators of the late fight between Winkle and Elliott. Bill Clarke and Johnny Roach's names were pretty freely used as being among the number. Roach denies being arrested, however, and publishes the following card to that effect:—

New York, Jan. 15, 1862.

To Editor of Sun:—Seeing by to-day's issue of your paper that I have been arrested for aiding and abetting in the last prize fight, at Weehawken, I ask permission to correct the same. I have never been arrested, but appeared voluntarily before Judge McCunn, and filed bonds. By correcting your statement, you will oblige

Yours, John Roach.

Cocking at Paris, C. W.—A main of cocks, five on each side, was fought at the above-named place on the 1st inst., for $10 each fight, and $100 on the main, between five "brown reds," owned by Hale Hunter, of London, C. W., and five "red piles," owned by Messrs. Turner and Dumfries, of Paris. Two-inch gaffs were used. The first battle, after a sharp contest, was won by a "red pile," as was also the third, the other three falling to the lot of the "brown reds," giving the Londoners the victory. J. Hale handled the London games, and Mr. Turner the Parisian, while C. S. Clement, of London, officiated as referee in a satisfactory manner to both parties. Quite a number of sports witnessed the contests, and pounds, shillings, and pence changed hands in a lively manner, and in no inconsiderable quantities. The birds fought gamely to the last, and all the battles were a treat to behold.

The Amateurs of Boston.—A very interesting ceremony took place on the 9th inst., at the Coffee House of Robert Nicholas in Arch street, Boston, Mass. A number of the members of the once famous "Aurora Dramatic Association" of that city, having heard that their old associate, Wm. J. Le Moyne, late of the Howard Athenæum, had received a commission as First Lieut. in Capt. L. P. Barrett's company—28th Mass. Regiment—and wishing to show the estimation in which their old friend and brother was held, assembled as above and presented him with a very handsome sword and equipments. The presentation was made by one of the members in behalf of the "Club," Mr. Le Moyne responding in a very pleasant and appropriate speech. Among the number present were those talented young actors, D. Setchell, J. Wilson, and Robert McClannin, of the Boston Theatres. These gentlemen were members of this association when it was in its zenith.

Cocking "Out West."—A main of cocks was fought at Dubuque, Iowa, on the 1st inst. Five battles took place, the fowls belonging respectively to Messrs. Daly and Sutton. The former won three battles and the main, and "raked the pile." Two of the feathered "critters," one on each side, were tainted with "secesh" proclivities, and left the scene of strife hastily.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

Camp Farnam, near Budd's Ferry, Md.
January 21, 1862.

Friend Queen—New Year's Day passed off very pleasantly in Camp Farnam, and the boys appeared to enjoy themselves quite well—much better, indeed, than was to have been expected under the circumstances, for holidays, as an almost universal thing, are seldom known as such within the lines of an encampment. Our staff officers, however, are—fortunately for the men—something on the "sport," and go in strongly for a bit of fun when off duty. The men were excused from all duty, except guard, during the day, and allowed to ramble wherever their inclination prompted. In the morning they amused themselves with games of foot and base ball, cricket, and exhibitions of the "manly art," all of which invigorating pastimes found many admirers and devotees among the troops; and wherever anything of the sort was going on, was collected a crowd of spectators, besides those immediately concerned in the games. One result of this war will be a largely increased patronage of out-door sports. Stick a pin there! A number of foot races took place on the parade ground in the afternoon, gotten up by the officers of the regiment, who subscribed purses to be competed for. Here is a short summary of the proceedings:—

1. Single dash of 200 yards, for a purse of $5; one man from each company entered, but only seven came to time. Won by Mr. B D. Dennison, of Co. E., in fine style. It was a capital race, and the winner was received with great enthusiasm.

2. Single dash of 300 yards—150 to stake and back—for a purse of $4; four entries, but only three started. Won by William Boulf, of Company F, who took up the running from the start, and maintained it at a good pace throughout, coming in a long way ahead.

3. Dash of 200 yards, by two drummer boys, about twelve years old, for a purse of $2. Won by young Dobbins, by a few feet only. The race created much merriment, and the victor was lustily cheered by the crowd.

4. Half mile race, turning two stakes, for a purse of $6. For this race, which was the finest and most closely-contested of all, there were seven starters. It was won by —— Sailor, of Company G, by a few feet only. Dennison, who won the first race, was among the contestants, and had he not waited so long, but put on the steam a few moments sooner, he would have undoubtedly secured the premium, as he was comparatively fresh when he came in.

5. Single dash over same course as last—half mile—for a purse of $25. This was open to officers only, and the following "coms." put in an appearance:—Captain Oakley, Lieutenants Miles, Levick, and Kay. It created considerable interest, and some money changed hands on the result of the race. It was run at a good pace, and won by Lieut. Levick as he pleased.

6. Backward race for a premium of $2; distance, fifty yards. There were five entries for this. It was won by a member of Co. H, in fine style. He evidently has been "on that" before. His style of running rather puzzled some of the contestants, and only two of them kept it up to the finish.

This ended the sports of the day. Nearly the entire strength of the regiment were assembled upon the parade ground, and a very highly excited and enthusiastic congregation of gallant "defenders" it was, too. They all enjoyed themselves hugely, and dispersed to their quarters at the conclusion in the best of humor with themselves and everything around them.

The great event of the night was the second entertainment of the Friend Dramatic Association, which was given in the Chaplain's tent, as before, the reverend gentlemen very kindly vacating it for the time being. Owing to the contracted character of the auditorium, none but officers were admitted to the performance. As it was, when the curtain was rung up, the house was crowded in every part, and a tremendous crowd had collected in front of and around the tent, endeavoring to obtain a peep at the "show." An orchestra of five instruments, composed of members of the 5th regiment, was in attendance, and made excellent music. The performance commenced with the pretty little comic drama, in two acts, of "Temptation, or the Irish Emigrant," Mr. Daly sustaining the *role* of O'Bryan; Mr. Forbes that of Tom Bobolink, with Mrs. Affertie (the Daughter of the Regiment) as his wife Polly, and Mr. Pease—an amateur of some pretensions—in the character of Granite. The performers were "well up" in their parts, and acquitted themselves with credit. The piece slipped off very smoothly, taking into consideration inconveniences, etc., experienced. By-the-bye, we played the piece (for the first time, I'll go a V.) in *nine acts*—having, on account of circumstances, to drop the green upon every scene. What do you think of it? After this we had a comic song by Charley Walsh—or rather two, for he was brought out the second time. Then a recitation by our "delineator of mad men," Mr. Temmie, which was a first rate performance—much better than that of the preceding evening. After this several ballads were given by Messrs Verner and Keogh, volunteers from the 5th regiment. They are both fine singers, and their ballads were rendered with power and sweetness, and drew forth rounds upon rounds of applause. Then came a recitation—"The Spanish Champion"—delivered by Lieutenant Kay, an old professional. It was a passably good elocutionary effort. This was followed by a ballad from Andy Verner, with accompaniment on the guitar, in which he received an encore. Then came a comic song by Corporal Deasy—"The Birth of Terence O Rourke"—which was well received. The performance concluded with the "Stage Struck Hero," H Forbes as Jeremiah Clip, Temmie as Podge, and Mrs. Affertie as Jane. After the entertainment was ended, the Major invited the Association into his tent, where sundry bottles of sparkling champagne were discussed, songs sung, toasts drank, speeches made, etc., having a good time generally, enjoying ourselves to the top of our bent, and retiring to our virtuous couches somewhere in the "wee sma' hours," all as sober as judges, of course. "Everything was lovely, and the goose hung high"—at least so thought Major Holt, who considered himself the "fattest sardine in the box." We are having a large log shanty put up, to be used as a theatre and church—excuse me, church and theatre. We will have a good sized stage, with an auditorium capable of seating with comfort two hundred people. It will be finished, and ready for opening in a week's time. It's a "big thing," and those in power "see it."

Yours, Adelphi.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 32-tf

The Late Prize Fight.—Since our last, Wm. Clark and Johnny Roche have been held to bail to answer for being connected with the recent prize fight between Winkle and Elliott. They gave security in $500 each. Several policemen, it appears, were present at the fight, in disguise, and they took cognizance of what was going on, and who were most active in the fight. Elliott, it will be remembered, was arrested a day or two after the fight.

Go and See Him.—Cheek Hares the great burlesquer and imitator of all the pugilists of renown, takes a benefit at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White Street, on Tuesday evening of this week. Very many of the best delineators of the fistic science will be on hand to assist.

THE RING IN CANADA.

A mill for $100 took place, we are informed, on the 14th inst., near Toronto, between Ned Myers and Jos Williams, both men of color. Myers is a strong, heavy man, height 5 ft. 9 in.; weight 175 lbs. Williams is light built and wiry, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 142 lbs. Myers was seconded by Bill Frazer and Sam Davis, with Harry Hannon, as bottle holder. Williams was seconded by George Hill and Jim McGuire, of Detroit, with Slasher McKeown as bottle holder. Sam Westman acted as time-keeper; Pat Maloney and Tom McGann as umpires, and Dave Ward for referee. Betting was even. The men entered the ring at 11:40. A. M.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. It was give and take till Williams let out his right on the chin, but Myers was home quick as lightning with his right on the ribs. Williams gave the upper cut, with the left on the nose, which let out the claret. They then hugged and fell, Williams under. First blood for Williams.

2. Myers led with his left but was neatly stopped. Both fibbed at half distance, till they closed, Myers down.

3. Few sharp exchanges. Myers shot out his right on Williams' right optic. Williams a sound 'un on the body. Both down at the finish.

4 to 10. In all these rounds Williams fought well, but could not waste the strength of his opponent, although Myers' nut was well decorated.

11. Myers beat him to the ropes and obtaining the hug, got the best of the fall.

12. Some rattling exchanges on both sides. Myers received a tap on the knowledge-box, which he returned by a reminder on the mouth. Sharp milling. Both down.

13. Both eager for the fray. The "phiz" of Myers looking badly. Williams put in two good hits right and left. Myers rushed for a close when they went down.

14 to 18. In these rounds pretty much the same fighting was pursued. Myers fought well in the latter of these rounds.

19. Exchanges. Williams dropped and Myers struck him. Foul claimed. Not given.

20. Both slow to time. Myers off with right which was stopped. Williams weak and backward on the return.

21 and last. Some nasty countering. Williams in this round bit his man and struck a foul blow, so that Myers was declared winner in 45 minutes.

A Trot on the Ice.—A trotting match took place on the ice at Lansingburgh, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, January 11th, for $100 a side, between W. Patrick's b g —— and B. Adams' b. g Pony, mile heats, best 3 in 5, which was won in three straight heats by W. Patrick's horse. No time given. In the third heat the pony was two lengths ahead at ten rods from the judges' stand, when some outsider struck him across the face with a whip, throwing him out so that he lost the heat.

A Praying Editor.—It is said that the prayers of the righteous availeth much. An instance has just come to mind where the prayer of an ungodly editor has been answered. A few months ago the editor of the *Charleston Mercury* prayed that our ships might be sunk. Quite a number of them, laden with stone, have since been sunk right before his eyes. We hope the Mercurial cuss is grateful for the answer to his prayer.

Give it up?—Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JAN. 21.—Cook and Fellows—£10 a side, at 8st 10lb, Birmingham.
31.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
FEB. —Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C Wilkinson, of the Potteries—£50 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Counties.
APRIL 1.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.

GREAT FIGHT FOR £1000,

BETWEEN

BOB BRETTLE AND JACK ROOKE.

The match between Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke, both of Birmingham, for £1000, took place on Dec. 31, in the home circuit, according to articles, at 10st 2lb. Encounters for the same amount have been almost unparalleled in the annals of the P. R., there having been only about four authenticated battles for such an enormous sum, the last on record being the memorable fight between Johnny Broome and Jack Hannan, which took place at New Park Farm, Oxfordshire, January 26, 1841, when Broome won in 1 hour 19 min, 47 rounds. Although, in reality, the sum contested for was £1000, the amount of the stakes was £200 a side, with the addition of a level bet of £300 made between the backer of Rooke and Bob himself. When the match was made, some surprise was manifested when it was known that Brettle intended to re enter the ring, inasmuch as it was generally understood that after his late mill with Mace, that he had retired *in toto*. The present match was made over a convivial glass, both little thinking the thing would progress; but Bob having spoken of the affair to some of his old friends, they encouraged him to go on, and promised, if possible, to make the match for a thousand or more. The performances of the men are as follows:

Robert Brettle was born at Portobello, Scotland, in 1834 and at the age of twenty made his *debut* in the P.R., February 14, 1854, with Malpas, of Dudley, at 10st 4lb, for £50 a side, at Defford Common, Worcestershire. They fought eighty rounds with great determination, if anything in Bob's favor, when the referee gave two decisions to a claim of foul, and the stakes were drawn. During the same year he was matched to fight the "redoubtable" Jack Jones (Humphries), of Portsmouth, for £100 a side, on November 21. They met at Purfleet on the day appointed, and fought until dark, after forty-nine rounds had been contested, in 1 hour and forty-five min. The referee named a fresh place for the meeting, and appointed the Saturday following, Nov. 25, for the mill to take place, but Brettle having been a party to his own apprehension, the stakes were given to Jones. He was allowed a rest for a twelvemonth, when Roger Coyne made a match with Bob for £25 a side, which came off at Combe, Warwickshire, on Nov. 20, 1855, in which Bob proved victorious, after fighting forty-nine rounds in 48 min. In 1856 he met Sam Simmonds, for £200 a side, June 3, at Didcot, when he won in thirteen rounds, 16 min. Another year elapsed, when he was matched with, and beat Job Cobley, £100 a side, forty seven rounds, 1 hour and 30 min., at Shell Haven (Cobley fell without a blow), Aug. 4, 1857. Fought Travers, £100 a side, forty-two rounds, 1 hour and 5 min., at Appledore, Jan. 28, 1858, when the police interfered. Beat Bob Travers, £100 a side, one hundred rounds, 2 hours and 5 min., at Shell Haven (Travers fell without a blow), Jan. 27, 1858. Beat Jem Mace, £100 a side, two rounds, 3 min., on the banks of the Medway, Sept. 1, 1858. Beaten by Tom Sayers, £400 to £200, seven rounds, 15 min., in Sussex, Sept. 20, 1859. On Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1860, was matched to fight Jem Mace, his old opponent, for £200 a side, which was attempted to be brought off at Wallingford-road, but, after fighting six rounds in 12 min., much in favor of Mace, the authorities interposed, and a stop was put to the contest. The following day the men met on the Medway, when Mace was declared the victor, after fighting five rounds in 7 min. Brettle after this rested on his oars, and, although challenged repeatedly, did not accept any offer until the present affair with Rooke, for which articles were drawn up in September, at Brettle's, the White Lion, Digbeth, Birmingham, to fight for £200 a side, at 10st 2lb, on Dec. 31. On the voyage down to witness the mill between Goss and Brettle's Novice, September 24, additional interest was invested by a bet of £300 a side being made between Mr. W. Ward, (Rooke's backer), on the one side, Bob investing the coin on himself to win. Brettle, when he went into work after the match was fairly progressing, weighed 12st 4lb, which, by judicious care, was reduced to 11st 8lb before leaving home, during which time he had been starring in the provinces. He afterwards went into strict training at Mr. Stockley's, Dog Inn, Wilmington, near Lichfield, where he was attended by Joe Warom, who brought him to the mark in extraordinary fettle. Bob left Birmingham on Monday morning, at half-past seven, with the good wishes of all his townsmen. He arrived in the metropolis at half-past ten, when he was met by Mr. Richardson and Bos Tyler. He was accompanied by a number of the influential ring supporters from the hardware village, who freely sported their money on their pet. The weighing took place according to agreement, at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, at half-past three, in the presence of about 250 lovers of a mill, amongst whom were most of the leading members of the Birmingham school, together with a great number of the Birmingham and other provincial stars. Both men were within weight, Brettle, if anything, the heavier man. The weighing was conducted in the roped arena, on a raised platform, so that all around, as well as those close at hand, could witness it. Offers to back Brettle at even money met with no response.

JOHN ROOKE, who hails from Birmingham, is twenty-three years old. His first recorded performance in the P R. was on January 13, 1859, when he defeated Tom Lane (brother to Hammer), at Arely, near Cannock Chase, where fifty-one rounds were fought in 1 hour 22 min. He was defeated the same year, September 20, by Joe Goss, of Northampton, after fighting sixty-four rounds, 1 hour 40 min., for £25 a side, in the same ring as Sayers and Brettle. On May 1, 1860, fought a draw with Patsy Reardon, for £50 a side, after a severe battle of 1 hour and 15 min., during which thirty-seven rounds were fought. His next battle was with Job Cobley, the Elastic Potboy, whom he defeated on July 30, down the river, after fighting thirty-three rounds in 1 hour and 54 min. Jack Rooke took his breathings at Mr. Packwood's, the Boileau Arms, Hammersmith Bridge, where he had been domiciled for the last six weeks, under the care of Joe Goss, who, by dint of great care and hard work, brought him to the post in first rate trim.

It was given out the previous evening that five A. M. would be the latest hour for departing from the fashionable Pimlico Station, and many a "Belgravian mother" was aroused from her early slumber by the rattling of the cabs which conveyed intending *voyageurs* to the scene of action. It was quite half past five before there were any signs of animation at the station, but shortly after, the officials began to muster, and flitting lamps along the platform showed some activity. During the waiting, many of the fancy adjourned to the night-houses in the neighborhood, to while away the time by indulging in "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." Those who took time by the forelock, were kept waiting a considerable time, and having paid a high price for their railway ticket, tramped about the platform until they were obliged to take refuge from the chilly air in a railway carriage. The first of the belligerents to show was Rooke, with his backers and friends, and some time ensued before Brettle, who we heard was domiciled in the immediate neighborhood, put in an appearance. Bob's arrival being very late, great anxiety was evinced by his backers, who were in somewhat painful expectations, which was only allayed by his appearance, and speedy retirement into a carriage. A blind man from Sheffield (Tom Bishop, the famous domino player) but a native of Birmingham, was led out by Brettle, and shared his carriage. At seven minutes past six A. M., the necessary arrangements having been completed, the train was despatched on its journey. A dark ride to the Garden of England was agreeably diversified by a pull-up at Farningham road, about the break of day. The train was then put in motion, and travelled without further let or hindrance to Meopham, about four miles from Gravesend. As soon as possible, a debarkation was effected, and the crowd were led over a heavy piece of ground for about half a mile, on to the precise spot where the ring had been pitched for the interrupted fight between Bos Tyler and Bob Travers, on the 10th of December, when they tried to get off their battle for £100 a side. Indeed, the spot of ground was precisely the same, and the remains of the straw left on the previous occasion were plainly visible. The ground fixed upon was on a gentle slope on a picturesque valley, close to the high road. While ropes and stakes were being fixed a private difference was settled between some "lads of the village," old scores being *wiped off* somewhat severely. The ring was pitched at twenty minutes past eight, and no time was lost by Inspector Duncan and the following officials: Job Cobley, Dan Collins, Patsy Daley, Tom Paddock, Jemmy Madden, Mike Madden, Jerry Noon, and George King. As soon as the inner ring was put ship-shape, the referee ordered by the stakeholder took up his position, and the bold Bob Brettle threw in his cap and entered the ring, attended by Bob Travers and Bos Tyler for his seconds. Rooke soon followed, with Joe Goss and the Borough pub. for his advisers. While in the ring, Brettle stepped across and offered to back himself for £50, which, however, met with no response; 5 to 4 was laid on Bob, and taken. The colors, a white and Solferino cross-bar for Brettle, and blue and white, with a black border, for Rooke, having been tied to the stakes, the men stood up at 8.30 A. M. for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Brettle was the first to strip, and, to the astonishment of the backers of Rooke, as well as the London division, showed in his old form. His shoulders were well ornamented with muscle; the arms also had not lost any of the prominence which has heretofore distinguished him there, while his chest and ribs were equally devoid of superfluous substance. If a fault could be found by any nice critic, too much flesh, perhaps, could have been found on the back only. Jack Rooke stripped as well as man could possibly be got, but still, in the opinion of the *cognoscenti*, he appeared too small; but he was himself very confident. Brettle was the first to commence proceedings by working Rooke across the ring, and attempting to lead off with the left more than once; Rooke gradually got away out of danger, Brettle following and getting within distance twice, let loose a couple of vicious hits, which Rooke only just escaped. After getting to close quarters again, Brettle led off with the left at the head, Rooke cleverly stopping the same. Brettle, still forcing the fighting, tried his right at the head, which only just missed, and, repeating the experiment, got well on the chest. This forced the fighting, the exchanges being very good on both sides, Brettle getting on the ribs and forehead with the right, Rooke on the nose and right ear. During the round, Brettle was cautioned to be "careful," but the answer was "all right." The round lasted 3 minutes.

2. Brettle, cool and collected, was the first up, while Rooke appeared rather anxious. Brettle began to institute proceedings, but Rooke, wide awake, slipped him; Bob then missed a couple of left-handers, and, in consequence of the thinness of his shoes, slipped down, but, jumping up, renewed the fight by trying to deliver a "hot 'un" from the left; Rooke got away, when Brettle forced the fighting, and followed Rooke to the corner of the ring, but the latter cleverly got out of danger by slipping on one side. Brettle, who, however, would not be denied, landed his right on the left ribs without a return, and walked away. When they sparred to distance, Brettle, anxious for work, feinted with his left. Rooke jumped away, but Brettle would not have it, and forced Rooke to the ropes, where good exchanges took place [illegible] forehead and cheek. Brettle got entangled with the ropes, but cleverly extricated himself, and some very sharp half-armed fighting took place until Rooke fell. Time, 7 min.

3 Brettle was the first up, without a mark; Rooke already flushed on the ribs and over the eye. Bob, who was anxious to try conclusions, gradually worked Rooke to the ropes, and delivered a very hot one on the ribs, and walked away. On getting together, Brettle sent his left fairly on the mark, which forced exchanges, Brettle getting well on the mouth and left eye; Rooke on the nose and forehead, but rather wild. Bob steadied himself, and finished the round by knocking Rooke down with a stinging right-hander, winning both the first two events—first blood and first knock-down blow.

4. Rooke came up bleeding from the nose, but willing to try his hand. Brettle left his corner like a lion, and tried to force the fighting, but Rooke was again wide awake, and slipped away, and, stopping suddenly, feinted, when Brettle got away, but soon recovered, and again led off, Rooke jumping away. The old Brum, not to be denied, forced the fighting by getting on the *crow's* "beak"' which forced a close at the ropes, where they were busy with both hands, until they struggled for the fall, which was in favor of Brettle, who canted the youngster over cleverly. Time, 13 min.

5. Brettle, who was first to the call of time, immediately commenced proceedings, by investing his left slightly on Rooke's nose; Rooke countered him pretty sharply on the cheek, which led to some pretty exchanges, Rooke receiving on the left eye, and Brettle on the jaw. Some very scientific sparring on the part of Brettle followed; he forced the fighting, and followed his antagonist all over the ring, Rooke continually breaking ground; they at length got together in the corner, and, after a few harmless half-arm hits, Brettle fell, having twisted his ankle.

6 On coming up, Rooke's left eye was much swollen; Brettle's nose showed marks of his opponent's handiwork, and his forehead was also grazed by coming in contact with the ropes. After a little maneuvering for an opening, Brettle led off with his left but was out of distance, and Rooke returned on the ribs; but the blow had no steam in it. Some more sparring in all parts of the ring then followed, and after getting within distance, Rooke dashed out his left, which alighted on Bob's ribs, inflicting a slight cut. Brettle missed the return, his left going over Rooke's shoulder. Brettle, very cautious, sparred for an opening, which Rooke seemed determined not to give him, if possible. Bob tried his left at Rooke's head, but was stopped, as was also his right at the ribs. Some good exchanges now took place in favor of Brettle, who fought his man to the ropes, where they closed, and, in the struggle for the fall, both were down, Brettle under. Time, 17 min.

7. Rooke very cautious, Brettle very determined, and offering repeatedly with his left, but Rooke each time broke ground and got away. Bob got his left on the body and jumped back from the return, laughing. Bob continued to force the fighting, but Rooke would not have it, and kept getting away from the intended onslaughts of his antagonist. After a long bout of sparring, Brettle put down his hands and walked away round the ring. When they got together, Brettle led off with the left but was short, and just missed landing a stinger with his right. More sparring for an opening, and Brettle thinking he saw one, let go his left at Rooke's head, which was neatly stopped, but in a second attempt landed it straight on the mark. More sparring, Brettle looked very confident; he missed his left at the body, but easily got away from Rooke's return. Some more sparring; Bob tried his left at the body, but Rooke got away, and Bob once more put his hands down, and took a walk. When they again got together, Bob planted his left on Rooke's left eye, increasing the swelling; a break away but at it again, when Brettle worked his man into his (Brettle's) own corner, getting his left fairly on to the nose, and avoided the return by stopping in his old form. He then returned with the right and left on the nose and mouth. The force of the blow took immense effect upon Rooke, who, amid a scene of great excitement, turned in a somewhat startled manner, and placing his hand to his mouth, twisted a dislodged tooth from his upper jaw, and coolly handed it to his second. Almost immediately afterwards, Tyler, one of Brettle's seconds, stepped into the middle of the ring, and picked up another of Rooke's teeth, which clearly proved the severity of the smashing hit, which resounded all over the ring.

8. Rooke, who came up to time eagerly, was bleeding from the nose, and had his left eye slightly swelled. Brettle had a cut on the forehead and a small cut under the left breast. Brettle sparred until within distance, when he got his left well on the body, jumping away from the return. Rooke, rather riled, rushed to a close, when strong counters took place, Brettle getting fairly on the ear and nose, Rooke on the jaw and forehead, when Brettle, with one of his well known rushes, planted his right on Rooke's nose with terrific effect, which knocked the juvenile clean off his legs. Time, 30 minutes.

9. Brettle was the first up; Rooke, as he faced his opponent, showed with his mouth and nose bleeding, and both eyes swelled. Brettle attempted to force the fighting by following Rooke, who got cleverly out of danger over the ring, but Bob, who would not be denied, would be busy, got his left on the ribs. Rooke missed a couple of left-handers, the latter being well stopped by Bob, who at the same time slipped. Rooke, taking advantage of the mishap, dashed out his right, which the Digbeth hero just escaped. They countered on the ribs and mouth, both in Brettle's favor, who broke away laughing. Bob, on getting within distance, got his left on the mouth and nose twice, Rooke on the mouth and forehead. Brettle, on getting again within distance, feinted at the body, when they closed, and as Rooke fell, he pushed Brettle from him, who also fell.

10. Rooke came up looking weak and blowing, also bleeding from the nose; both eyes slightly darkened, and apparently closing. Brettle, eager for business, forced the fighting, and in trying to invest with the left, slipped, which caused him to be very short. They now sparred for some time, Rooke declining all the offers of fighting made by Brettle, until Bob got him in a corner, when Rooke dashed out his left, but missed, turned, and ran away, Brettle after him, who made his right on the ear. This led to a close and struggle for the fall, in which both were down side by side.

11. Brettle, who was up first to the call of time, and eager for business, opened the ball by dashing his left on to Rooke's left eye, received in return a sharp hit on the mouth, when they closed, and after a few exchanges, Bob slipped down from the wet state of the ground. Time, 43 min.

12 Brettle feinted with his left, and Rooke jumped away, Brettle laughing and scratching his ear. Bob again got his left on the mark, and tried another, but was stopped. The cry of "police!" was now raised, but the men continued fighting, although the *Celebrated* left the ring, Walker, of Stony Stratford, taking his place. Bob was busy with the left, which Rooke would not stand, and got away, being short with the left, when Brettle returned on the ribs, and fell from the force of his own blow.

13 Rooke came up as in the previous round, Brettle with a fine bump on his forehead, and his eye grazed. They sparred for an opening for some time, when Brettle dashed his left on to the chest, receiving a little one on the mouth. Sparring for an opening then took place, until Bob got within shot, when he landed his left on the ribs, at the same time placing his foot on to Rooke's boot, and nearly fell. On his recovery he forced the fighting by getting to close quarters, where some very good exchanges followed on the nose and head, Rooke getting on the chin and shoulder, receiving on the mark and nose. A good struggle took place to the ropes, where Bob got the "hug" on, and fairly swung Rooke off his legs, so much so that he was undermost in the fall.

14, 15, and 16 Brettle forced the fighting in all these rounds, getting on the body heavily, and closed as soon as he could force an opportunity, when rattling exchanges ensued, all in favor of Bob, who, after a severe struggle, threw Rooke in each round, although not heavily.

17. On coming to the mark, both sparred for an opportunity, and Rooke led off with his left; Bob, in return, let go his right at the ribs, and the ground being very slippery, fell from the force of his own blow. Time, 59 min.

18. More cautious tactics on the part of Rooke; Bob got at last within distance, and let drive his left at the body, which reached its destination heavily; Bob slipped down, but in a moment jumped up and renewed the round. Exchanges then took place—Brettle on the ribs, Rooke on the side of the head. They each led off in turn, but were out of distance. Bob feinted with his left to draw Rooke, who would not have it, and was away. Brettle on the mark with the left, and got his man to the ropes, where, after some lively exchanges, they separated, and Bob in landing his right on the ribs slipped down.

19 The authorities were looming formidably in the distance, and fast fighting was the order of the day. As soon as Brettle could get within distance, he led off and just reached the mouth of his opponent, who dashed out his left viciously, but out of distance, Bob being *non est*. On again trying, Brettle stopped the same, but was forced to put up with a delivery on the head. They simultaneously closed, in which some good exchanges took place in Brettle's favor, who fell from the force of a right-hander (his own) on the shoulder. Time, 65 min.

20 This was a rattling round. The authorities being handy, forced both men to do all they could to bring the affair to a conclusion. A rattling bout at the ropes was finished by each holding and fighting until they fell.

21 Brettle, who had the best of the fighting, came up first, very eager for business, and, after some slight sparring, both retreating in turn, Brettle feinted twice to draw the youngster, who was wide awake, and slipped away. Both fought wildly to the ropes, where Rooke got on the hug, and held the "old-un" until the referee ordered them to loose, and the round was finished by each man being taken to his corner.

22. Both were slow to time. Rooke as he came up was swelled on the cheek and forehead, as well as his eyes showing as if going up. Brettle was flushed on the forehead and chest. They sparred merrily until Bob got to close quarters, and landed his left on the nose and broke away; Rooke after him, when he caught it heavily on the mouth and nose; Brettle receiving on the mouth. The unwelcome presence of the police was at this time no mistake, as the force mustered by dozens, after the battle had lasted 1 hour and 15 minutes.

A remove being necessary, the referee ordered the men to proceed further down the line, which, having been agreed to, the train again moved on, after the loss of an hour and twenty minutes. The interval was made good use of by the seconds of Rooke, who were most industrious in applying hot water to alleviate the stiffness and soreness of their man. The train at length halted on the summit of a steep embankment, with a piece of rough marsh land beyond; but as it was within sight of the town of Sittingbourne, nearly all present protested against the possibility of renewing the contest at such a spot; but the backers of the men were determined to make a trial, and the *voyageurs* were compelled to scramble pell mell down the embankment. A piece of tolerably level turf having been found, with some difficulty, and Puggy having reduced the bumps of the ground with a mallet, the ring was pitched at three minutes past one, the spectators at the ring-side being materially increased by the arrival of a gang of navvies, who were working in an adjacent field. The men were speedily in the ring again, Rooke being a quarter of an hour after Brettle, his attendants being very slow in getting his boots laced. The prediction of an early descent of the blues was soon verified, for before the men had put up their hands, two policemen arrived, and in a bewildered manner, walked round and round the ring, apparently quite puzzled as to what tactics they should pursue, until one of them ran off as fast as he could over the heavy land for assistance. Rooke was very dilatory in getting ready, and Brettle stood stripping in the middle of the ring; he was much bruised about the shoulders, and his ear much swollen. Rooke, as he came up, showed much less punishment on the body than could have been expected from the frequent visitations of Bob's deliveries, but the hour's hot water application prevented the marks of the blows from making any lasting impression. After Bob had worked into distance, he feinted twice, which Rooke avoided cleverly, but the Brum following, a couple of exchanges took place, Bob getting on the ribs and mouth, receiving on the forehead. Another cry of "police!" was raised, and a strong detachment drew their staves, and, forcing their way into the ring, resolutely occupied it until a clearance was made; the ropes and stakes were once more taken up. Upon this, the spectators walked in a body to the railway station, when they beseiged a neighboring tavern, and it is only just to the fraternity to say that, although they were allowed the liberty of going behind the bar, they "parted" like men for all they consumed, and the jolly landlord seemed, if anything, pleased at the sudden incursion of the admirers and celebrities of the P. R. After some discussion with the backers and the referee, it was finally agreed to make no more attempts that day, and the train having been shunted into the station, a return to the metropolis was speedily effected, and Wednesday, from Fenchurch street Station, at 8:25, was determined on for the next meeting. *En route*, a rumor of Brettle's lameness oozed out, but was generally disbelieved.

RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT.

According to the referee's mandate, the men met at an early hour in the morning at a well-known point of departure for the scene of action, for the chance of the recommencement of hostilities. After a dreary ride in the dark to the aforesaid point of starting, at length the time fixed for the train's departure (8:25 A M) took place, a large number of the fancy attending. During the ride by rail a great number of surmises were mooted, in consequence of it having been found that Brettle had sprained his ankle on the previous day, which, after strict inquiry, was found to have taken place in the fifth round, when the Brummagem hero had twisted his foot in a close in his own corner. After the usual length of journey, the route chosen was a trip by water, when the only means of transit at hand was by small boats, in consequence of the obstinacy of one of the managers of the means of transit. As a matter of consequence, the supply of craft by no means meeting the demand, the freight was raised in proportion; nevertheless, the "sons of the silver Thames" (?) reaped a tremendous harvest. A long and tedious row against tide, accompanied on the Kentish side of the river by the attendance of one or more of the authorities, brought the fleet to the scene of action, where a landing was effected, and the ring pitched at 11.50 A. M., by the assistant commissary and his assisting sprites, Puggy and Martin. The inner ring was looked after, as on the previous day, by Inspector Duncan and the appointed ring keepers, who mustered in exactly the same force as on the preceding day. Rooke threw in his cap at 12:06 P.M., having Jerry Noon, in the place of Joe Goss, as one second, the other being one from "'tother side of the water." Brettle did not show as soon as was expected, which, coupled with the rumors of the damage to the ankle, was the cause of some doubts respecting the battle being resumed, and Mickey Gannon began to make preparations for his encounter with Jesse Hatton, while Hartley and Stiff 'Un were rejoicing in the expectation of having their minor event also decided. The latter couple were also doomed to disappointment, for Bob Brettle was shortly afterwards seen walking towards the ring, attended by his seconds, and although he was lame with his left foot, he lost no time in entering the ring, attended by the same esquires as on the previous day. At length all was prepared for action, and the men stood up at 12:39 P. M., for the renewal of

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Rooke, when he stripped and faced his opponent, showed the marks of the punishment he had undergone on the previous day, and though the attention he had received by hot bathing had almost entirely removed the discolorations on the body, still the effects of the blows were visible in the removal of the skin on the lips, nose and cheeks, in two places, as well as both eyes being slightly discolored; but, from the extent of the tinge, no doubt they would have been of much deeper hue without the aforesaid aid. Brettle had his left eye darkened, a graze on the forehead and temple, and his nose flushed, as well as two or three large bruises on the left arm, where he had stopped several of the "young-un's" right-handers. Brettle, as he stood in attitude, was perceptibly lame with the left foot, notwithstanding which he followd Rooke, who pursued the same tactics as on the previous tourney, by getting away, and Bob, taking the advice of Jem Mace, who was in the corner, walked away, Rooke standing in the centre of the ring; Brettle again got within distance and tried to lead up, but Rooke was again away, Brettle, laughing, walked away, after being cautioned by his seconds. They then sparred for some time, when Rooke feinted out of all distance and got back. Brettle, who would be close to his man, followed and feinted, Rooke getting cleverly away. The same tactics were observed for some time, until Brettle again followed the advice of his mentors, and walked about. Brettle was the first to take proceedings by meeting Rooke in the middle of the ring, and forced the sparring, during which he offered to lead off twice, Rooke in each instance getting well away from danger; Brettle, as well as he could, followed, when again the same maneuvres were put into force—Rooke in each instance getting away, but returning, stood in the middle of the ring. Bob, hobbling round near the ropes, but not being in an idle mood, renewed the proceedings by getting within distance, when both feinted, and at the same moment broke ground. Rooke, who feinted on getting into shot, retreated as Bob screwed himself up. Counter feints took place for some time, each retreating and walking away. Some very cautious sparring took place for a minute or two, when Bob, much against the advice of his seconds, crept within shot, and landed his left on the left breast, after which he baulked with his left twice, Rooke slipping away. Some very clever sparring ensued, Brettle continually getting closer, when Bob shot out his left, but the left foot giving way, he was forced to steady himself by delivering the right, which was landed slightly on the forehead, and the double on the cheek, but not heavily. Nevertheless Rooke, in getting away, fell, and Brettle rolled over him. Time of this round, 11 min.

2. Both men were well up to time, and commenced sparring as soon as they were within distance. Brettle as soon as he got close enough, loosed his left arm, and, finding himself out of distance, got cleverly away from the return. More sparring took place, until Brettle crept close, and a couple of times tried to draw Rooke, by leading off short, but the latter was away. On getting together they countered severely; Brettle getting well on the breast, Rooke on the ribs. These favors appeared to warm both, the more especially as a report was rife that the men in blue were handy. Good counters with the left took place on the nose, drawing blood in each instance. Rooke again got on the side of the nose, receiving on the chest. This forced some rattling exchanges to the ropes, in which several good half armed hits were given, until they reached the ropes, when Bob was down. Time, 15 min.

3. Both came up bleeding from the nose, and some sparring took place, and a couple of good exchanges having taken place, the proceedings of the day were put an end to, after fighting 17 min., by the arrival of a *posse* of the rural constabulary, who tried to overtake the men on the way to the boats, and who were so earnest in doing their duty to prevent any more fighting on Thursday that they marched away with the ropes and stakes, so the day's programme was brought to a very unsatisfactory conclusion. No alternative remained but for an adjournment homewards by the silent highway, and on again reaching *terra firma*, the referee appointed a meeting between the men to take place at twelve o'clock, at the office of the stakeholder on Thursday. In the meanwhile, Brettle, to make sure that there was a hope of his renewing the battle, visited a hospital, where the surgeon most strenuously advised him to lay up, and gave him a certificate to the effect that he was suffering under a severe sprain of the left ankle, and that at that time he could neither stand nor walk. The meeting, as appointed, took place at the office of the stakeholder, who, after hearing all parties, despatched Brettle to King's College Hospital, to ascertain at what time his ankle would be in a fit and proper state to renew his training. He (Brettle) was there told that at least five weeks would elapse before he could take severe exercise with any degree of safety; and Tuesday nine weeks, March 11, was named for the day of fighting; and, as the fight was not concluded during the current week, all bets are bound to be off.

REMARKS.

The unsatisfactory manner in which both days' contests were brought to a conclusion gives an opportunity of passing a few remarks on the performances of the men. Brettle, as usual, was clever on his legs, and tried to get his left on the body, in which he succeeded the first day with great success, as well as landing his right on the ear jaw and throat. He also delivered the left with stinging severity now and again; in one instance displacing a tooth or two; but we are confident that, as youth has departed, so had some of the old former dashing characteristics left the gallant Bob for ever. Rooke, although he fought according to orders, did not come up by any means to the expectations of his friends and the spectators generally, who, from his great reputation for gluttony, expected him to go in, and worry his elder opponent; but, to their surprise, he carried out the same tactics which were so successful in his late contest with Job Cobley. He is the biggest man at the weight that, perhaps, ever entered the British prize ring, and gifted with a great amount of patience in the receipt of punishment, which, combined with undaunted resolution, will enable him to pluck the victorious laurel from many a supposed better man. His great speed in training, coupled with his absence of flesh, enabled him, by the assistance of hot- baths, &c., to shake off the effects of the first day's punishment on the body, which, however, does not negative the presence of the blows, but goes to prove how a good constitution will throw off what would to a certainty, in a weaker or a different frame, last for weeks. The *cognoscenti* generally admitted that Rooke did not fight within many pounds of a first-class pugilist, and his endeavors to land "straight 'uns" at times were singularly unsuccessful—for one from whom such high things were anticipated. Neither was his attitude artistic or finished, and he occasionally "chopped" with his left in a manner that was somewhat severely criticised. Still he is a game, brave fellow, and his coolness when Brettle knocked his teeth out like a sledge-hammer was an astonishing indication of self-possession and pluck. All the technical points were gained by Bob—first blood and first knock-down blow—the latter being one of the fairest and most decided ever witnessed bringing Rooke off his perch as if the ground had been cut from under him. The tremendous blow which Rooke got in the mouth, and which drove out two teeth, at least, must have been in *favor* of Bob, whose science, too, was strikingly superior. Rooke has expressed his willingness by another "century," but Brettle does not wish to do so, although Bob's backers express their readiness to bet any amount of money level, up to a "monkey."—*Sporting Life*, Jan. 4.

SLASHING MILL BETWEEN HARTLEY AND "THE STIFF 'UN," AT 8ST. 4LB., FOR £20.—Friday, January 3, the mill between John Hartley and the Stiff 'Un, of Norwich, took place in the home circuit, for £10 a side, at 8st 4lb. The original conditions of the match were, that the fight should take place on December 31, but in consequence of magisterial interference, they were only enabled to try conclusions that day. Hartley has been in the ring as a public man for some years; the Stiff 'Un has also appeared before in the ring. An early hour was fixed for the departure, and small boats were the order of the day; and, after a tedious journey by water, a well-known spot was reached at about 11 hours 25 min. A.M., and the ring pitched at 12 hours 15 min. Hartley was the first in the ring, with Tom Tyler and Tommy Newton as his seconds. The Stiff 'Un was not much behind, having a well known publican and George Sims as his esquires. The colors were, a variegated for the Stiff 'Un, and a red and white for Hartley. All the preliminaries having been arranged, they commenced the fight at 12 hours 32 minutes, A. M. The contest was one of the gamest that has been fought for some time—in all, eighty-two rounds, having been fought in 2 hours 26 minutes, when Hartley was declared the winner, the seconds of the Stiff-'un, finding he had no chance, giving in for him. The mill was a first-class one. Hartley, who was much the lighter man, fought to orders, and for some rounds got down to avoid being thrown, but did not break any rule, although, once or twice, if not more, an appeal was made. More than one appeal was made that the Stiff 'Un had hit Hartley when on his knees, which also was nullified by the referee ordering the battle to progress. The fight was won by the cleverest, and the hardest hitter, who never missed a chance of getting on, and avoiding danger. Stiff-'un, although one of the gamest of the game, has not the gift of severe hitting, but still, with a man of his own size, he would be sure to make a greater shine, as most of his dangerous right-handers were ineffective, in consequence of their going over the "little-'un's shoulders, or else short altogether. The seconds of both men behaved in a manner which would be worth a copy for any championship contest, bowing to the mandate of the referee at the first asking, and, beyond appealing at points, which was their bounden duty, the fight would have been finished almost without any appeal.

FIGHT BETWEEN HARDING, OF BIRMINGHAM, AND DIMMOCK, OF DUDLEY, FOR £40.—Gallat Harding, of Birmingham, and Dimmock, of Dudley, met at the Four Ashes, to contest for £20 a side, at 7st 2lb. Both were in good condition, and well under weight. Harding was seconded by two well-known trainers, and Dimmock was esquired by Flesh, of Dudley, and Jack Lane. Harding got first blood in the first round, and obtained the first knock-down blow in the third. They fought fifty-one rounds in one hour and five minutes. Dimmock was receiver general throughout, Harding administering severely on the ribs and head.

FIGHT IN THE HULL DISTRICT BETWEEN FRANK WALKER AND WILLIAM BOOTH, BOTH OF HULL, FOR £10.—These men met on January 1st, to settle their differences for £5 a side, at catch weight, a few miles from Hull. Walker was attended by Charley Heed and Bill Doyle, while Young Foreman and a friend did the needful for Booth. The battle lasted eight minutes, during which seven rounds were fought, when Walker, to the surprise of his seconds, refused to fight any more, complaining of a pain in his side, the effects of the body blows received in the previous rounds.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TEN MILES MATCH

BETWEEN

BRIGHTON AND JACKSON, THE AMERICAN DEER.

A capital match over ten miles, for a handsome silver cup, took place on Thursday, Dec. 26, at Norwich, between Brighton, the well-known "Milk boy," and Jackson, the American Deer. The day being a general holiday at Norwich, there was an excellent attendance. The circuit of the ground had to be traversed forty times, four laps making a mile. As the veteran's powers are not what they formerly were, it was arranged that Brighton should allow his opponent a clear start of 800 yards, and accordingly he gave him a lead of two laps, less eighty yards. From the moment of the start there never was the slightest doubt as to the result, Brighton at almost every stride recovering something of the 800 yards which he had allowed Jackson, although the latter, as on the occasion of his recent appearance at Yarmouth, went away at a good pace at first. There was some misapprehension at the outset as to the relative positions of the men, but as they went along the straight, opposite the great body of the spectators, it was soon seen that, lap after lap, Jackson's chances became "small by degrees and beautifully less." By the eleventh lap, Brighton had almost made up the first round which he had given in; at the commencement of the twelfth he was side by side with his rival, and, although for a time both men held on well together, he had worked ahead before he had completed the lap. Jackson seemed to make another effort not to let his opponent have it all his own way, but it was scarcely of any avail, for, although Brighton did not leave him astern so rapidly as before, yet he still widened the distance between them in almost every lap, while he gave no outward sign of distress, although Jackson breathed rather heavily. Still, it was impossible not to admire the dogged perseverance and courage with which the veteran held on under evidently hopeless circumstances. When the half distance had been got over by Brighton, he had only something between two thirds and a half the second lap to make up, and in the next half dozen laps he continued to work slowly more and more ahead; although at this point, and also to the thirtieth lap, he did not seem to put forth any very great efforts. In the thirty second lap, Brighton had worked up to about twenty five yards of the veteran, and as even this distance was reduced in the next two laps, Jackson, after running eight miles and a half, gave in, leaving the Milk boy a clear course. It must not be supposed, however, that Brighton by any means "walked over" it; in fact, so far from doing so, he held on, encouraged by the cheering cries of his friends, at a slashing pace to the end, his last mile being got over quite as rapidly as the first three or four.

THE TIME.

	min.	sec.		min.	sec.
First mile	5	2	Sixth mile	32	59
Second "	10	25	Seventh "	38	29
Third "	15	53	Eighth "	44	20
Fourth "	21	27	Ninth "	50	5
Fifth "	27	8	Tenth "	55	30

The first five miles were therefore run by Brighton in 27 min. 8 sec., and the second five miles in 28 min. 22 sec.

DON' CARE FOR PUDDIN'.—A man with a modest appetite dined at an hotel; after eating the whole of a sucking pig, he was asked if he would have some pudding. He said he didn't care much about pudding, but if they had another little hog, he would be thankful for it

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE BASE BALL SEASON OF 1861.

CONCLUDED.

On October 9th, the Exercise Club of Brooklyn played with the Woodlawn of Harlem, the result being a signal triumph for the Exercise by a score of 23 to 8. Galvin led the score, getting 4 runs and one out; Williams and Quintard each scoring 2 runs and one out on the Woodlawn side.

On October 10th, the third game of a series between the Mystic and Constellation Clubs took place at Hoboken, the result being a well-earned victory for the Brooklyn Club by a score of 18 to 16. W. Kelley and McCarty each scored 4 runs and one out on the Yorkville side, Thomas' score of 3 runs and 2 outs being the best on the other side.

On October 15th, the Eagle and Gotham Clubs played together, the result being a victory for the Eagles, by a score of 30 to 15. The Gothams were put out in the first five innings, for *one* run only. Slote, of the Eagles, lost the score, getting 6 runs and no outs. McKeever's score of 3 runs and one out being the best on the Gotham side.

On October 16th, the return game between the Atlantics and Mutuals took place at Bedford, in the presence of a large assemblage of spectators. The result was a decided victory for the champions by a score of 52 to 27. The feature of the game was the unequalled display of batting made by the Atlantics in their 3d innings, when they scored no less than 26 runs. F. Seinsoth led the score, getting 7 runs and but one out, including a home run, Brown's score of 5 runs and one out, including a home run, being the best on the Mutual side. The third game of the series will be one of the grand matches of next season.

On October 17th, the Eckford and Enterprise played their third match together, on which occasion the Enterprise again came off victorious by a score of 26 to 23. Start, of the Enterprise, led the score, getting 5 runs and one out, Mills' score of 4 runs and one out, being the best on the Eckford side. This was the first home-and-home match that the Eckfords have lost since 1858, except with the Atlantic Club.

On October 22d, the Hamilton Club played their return game with the Exercise, but after a well-played game of nine innings, they were again defeated, but by a score of 12 to 8 only. Massey, of the Exercise, led the score, getting 2 runs and 2 outs, including the only home run of the match, Halsey and Kip each getting the same on the Hamilton side.

We now come to the grand match of the season—a contest that will be long remembered as "the Silver Ball Match." This match came off on the grounds of the Mutual Club, at Hoboken, in the presence of at least 10,000 spectators, and but for the report of a postponement of the match, which was originated by the individual known by the name of the "What Is It?" a self-styled "reporter of out-door sports," encouraged by an "unreliable Sunday paper," double the number would have been present. Despite the opposition the originators of the match met with from certain parties, the contest proved a complete success, it being decidedly the most entertaining and best-played match of the season, to say the least of it. All but two on each side, of the nines selected to take part in the game, were present, and played, and the substitutes ably filled the positions assigned them. A better, or a stronger nine than that chosen to represent Brooklyn on the occasion could not be found; composed, as it was, of the three best players from each of the Atlantic, Excelsior, and Eckford Clubs. The fact that this nine were put out in *six* out of the eight innings played, for the small score of *three* runs, is proof positive of the fine play exhibited by the New York team. Indeed, we question whether there was ever such play exhibited at Hoboken, as that shown by the New York nine in the first four innings, when the Brooklyn team was put out for *two* runs only. The arrangement of the match gave the ball to the parties who made the most runs. Had New York won by their score, Gates would have won the ball for the Eagles; as it was, the Brooklyn nine won the match, and the Atlantic Club the ball, their three players making the most runs Beach, of the Eckfords, made the best score of the match, getting three runs and two outs. He was also left on his third base once. Pearce, of the Atlantics, made the same score, but he was left on his first base once instead of his third. Beach. also, made his bases more times by good batting than Pearce did. Yates was the only player on the New York side that made two runs. The score was 18 to 6, Boooklyn being the victors. Those who witnessed this match will long remember it with pleasure, and those who were led to keep from it by the reports of a postponement, will not soon forget the authors of their disappointment.

On the 28th of October, a grand match took place at Hoboken between two selected nines from the principal junior clubs of Brooklyn and New York, the result of which was that the Brooklyn nine won by a score of 15 to 14. The termination of the game was very unsatisfactory, and anything but creditable to either party, inasmuch as they both resorted to the "playing off game," as it is called. N. Smith, of the Constellation club of Brooklyn, led the score, getting 3 runs and one out; McSweeny's score of 3 runs and two outs being the best on the New York side.

On Nov. 7th, a match took place between two Brooklyn nines, on the St. George cricket ground at Hoboken, for the benefit of Messrs. Pearce, of the Atlantic club, and Creighton, of the Excelsior. The match was a rather tame affair, although there was some excellent play shown on both sides; but there was no special incentive for extra exertions, as there was on the Silver Ball match, and hence there was but little interest attached to the match. First nine, which included Pearce and Creighton, won, by a score of 17 to 7. Creighton led the score, getting 4 runs and 2 outs. F. Seinsoth, of the second nine, making the best score on that side.

On Nov. 18th, the Constellation and Waverley junior clubs had their third game together, the result being a victory for the Constellation, by a score of 35 to 14. N. Smith again led the score, getting 7 runs and no outs; McCullough's score of 4 runs and one out being the best on the Waverly side.

On the 16th, a novel contest was played on the Star grounds at Brooklyn, the same being stiled the "Donkey Game." The winning party were to be those who made the fewest runs, and the winner of the ball was the player making the least runs and most outs. Skaat's nine succeeded in putting the most runs on their opponents, and won the game; C. Bergen winning the ball by his score of no runs and 5 outs.

On the 28th of November—Thanksgiving Day—there was a general turn out of players on all the grounds, the weather being unusually favorable for play. Among the many games that were played that day, probably the best was that between the Constellations and Resolutes, on the Putnam's grounds, at Brooklyn. The Constellations won by a score of 19 to 7, but the game was a well-contested one after the first innings, in which the victors obtained a lead of 10 runs. N. Smith again lead the score, getting 4 runs and 2 outs, Blackwell, of the Resolutes, making 2 runs and 1 out.

On the same day a match was played at South Brooklyn between the Monmouth club and a nine chosen from the Niagara, Waverley and Nassau clubs, of Brooklyn, the Monmouths winning by a score of 17 to 14. Stoddard, of the Waverley, led the score, getting 4 runs and 2 outs, McCullough, Reed, Hallenward, and Cruden, of the Monmouth, each making 3 runs, and 2 outs. The same day, too, a game was played between the Mohawks, of Brooklyn, and the Juniatas, of Hoboken, the score of which was 39 to 13, the Mohawks being the victors. Godfrey, of the winning side, led the score, getting 7 runs and no outs, Crocheron's score of 4 runs and 1 out being the best of the Juniatas. On the same day the Queen's County Cricket club and the Irving Base Ball club had a match at base ball, which was won by the Irvings by a score of 14 to 11; Masters, of the Irvings, led the score, getting 4 runs and no outs, Hamer's score of 3 runs and 1 out being the best on the Queens County side. Byron acted as catcher, and Bray as pitcher, for the cricketers; both getting 4 outs and 1 run, although both are good batsmen at cricket.

Thanksgiving Day is usually the closing day of the season, and it is not often that the weather will admit of play up to so late a date This season, however, matches have been played on the Star grounds, Brooklyn, up to Dec. 19th, and some very well played games have been had.

On Dec. 11th, the annual convention of the National Association took place, and a tolerably good attendance of delegates were present. No changes were made in the rules, and therefore they remain the same until Dec. 12th, 1862. This closes our review of the base ball season of 1861, which has been marked by a larger number of matches than was expected in the early part of it. We have of course omitted several games that were played, but as they were not recorded in our paper, we do not deem it worth while to notice them. Our reporter attends all matches he possibly can do, but in the beginning of the season we requested scorers to send us in the reports of games played when he was unable to attend. Many did so, and we have recorded their games; those that did not we have left out, and shall do so each season. So all that wish their games recorded in our annual review, which is a special feature of this paper, must send us in the scores during the season. We shall give the average play of the several clubs as soon as we have completed them.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

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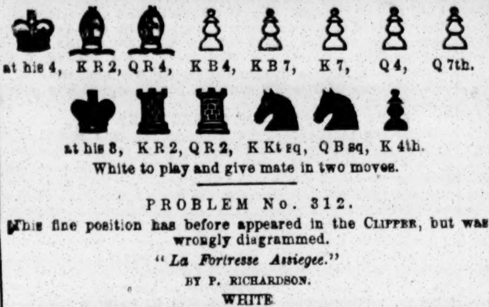
ENIGMA No. 312.

From "The Craft."

BY H. SPILMAN.



at his 4, K R 2, Q R 4, K B 4, K B 7, K 7, Q 4, Q 7th.

at his 8, K R 2, Q R 2, K Kt sq, Q B sq, K 4th.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

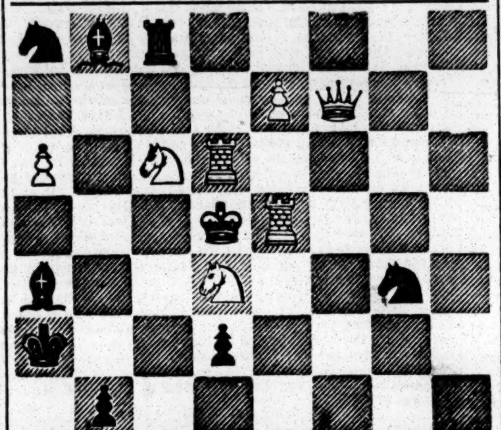
PROBLEM No. 312.

This fine position has before appeared in the CLIPPER, but was wrongly diagrammed.

"La Fortresse Assiegee."

BY P. RICHARDSON.

WHITE



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 312.

Between our contributor P. Richardson and Mr. P. H. Reason.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Reason.	Defence, Richardson.	Attack, Reason.	Defence, Richardson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	23..Q P×P	Q×Q
2..K Kt–B 3	P–Q 3	24..K R×Q	P–K Kt 5
3..K B–B 4	K B–K 2	25..K R–Q 3	Kt P×P
4..P–Q 3(a)	Q B–K 3	26..R×R 2d P	Q R–Kt 3
5..K B×B(b)	B P×B	27..K R–his 2	P–K R 6
6..Castles	K Kt–B 3	28..P–K Kt 3	B–Q B 4
7..K Kt–his 5	Q–her 2	29..K R×P	R×Kt P+
8..Q Kt–B 3	P–K R 3	30..K R×R	K R×R+
9..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	31..K–his B sq	R–K B 6
10..P–Q R 3	Castles, Q R(c)	32..R–Q R 2(g)	Q Kt–K 2
11..P–Q Kt 4	P–Q R 3	33..K–his Kt 2	R–K B 2
12..P–Q Kt 5	R P×P	34..P–Q R 5	Kt–K Kt 3
13..Kt×Kt 2d P	P–K R 4	35..Kt–Q B 3	K B–Q 5
14..K Kt–his 5	Q R–K B sq	36..Kt–Q sq	Kt–K B 5+
15..P–K R 3	K Kt–R 2	37..K–Kt 3(h)	R–K Kt 2+
16..K Kt–B 3(d)	P–K R 5	38..K–his B 3	Q Kt–Q 6
17..P–Q B 3	K R–Kt sq	39..Q B–K 3	R–K B 2+
18..K Kt–R 2	P–K Kt 4	40..K–his 2	Kt–Q B 4
19..K Kt–his 4	P–Q 4(e)	41..P–K B 3	R–K R 2
20..P–Q R 4	K Kt–B 3	42..R–Q 2(i)	Kt–Q Kt 6
21..P–Q B 4	Q P×K P	43..R–Q R 2	R–K R 7+
22..K Kt×Kt(f)	Q R×Kt	44..Kt–K B 2	Kt–Q B 8+, and

the Attack resigns.

Notes, by our contributor.

(a) P to Q 4th is the move usually played at this point.

(b) To have retreated the B to Q Kt 3d would have been a better move here.

(c) Better than on K's side, as matters now stand.

(d) This is preferable to taking the Kt.

(e) The attack is now completely turned.

(f) This was necessary to avoid the loss of a Pawn.

(g) 32..Q B to K 3d would not have answered; *e. g*:—

32..Q B to K 3 K B×B | 33..K to his 2 K B to Q 5, wins.

(h) He would have done better to capture the Kt, although it would undouble the P.

(i) B×B were better, but even in that case he could hardly hope to draw. Suppose:—

42..Q B×B	P×B	45..R to K Kt sq	Kt–Q 6
43..Kt–K B 2	R–K R 7	46..R–K B sq(1)	R×Kt+
44..R–K Kt 2	P–K 4	47..Q R×R	Kt×R, wins.

(1) If he exchange Kt's he loses a P, and, consequently, the game.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game *in full*; beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Let us have the remaining two at your earliest convenience, if you please.

EXPRESS, New York.—Ayrshire Lassie this week. See Card of Spectator.

C. M. W., Peterboro.—Position appears this week. Game under examination. Have patience. Sound analysis requires time.

SPECTATOR, Buffalo, N. Y.—O. K.

J. S., Port Henry, N. Y.—Thanks. Will examine. Let us hear from you again.

ROSCIUS, New York.—The law bearing on the subject is this: "The player has the power to huff, compel the take, or let the piece remain on the board, as he thinks proper." Your opponent can compel you to jump.

☞ We are in possession of a number of Games played between Messrs. Bethell and Spayth, which we shall place before our readers at our earliest convenience; one of them appears this week. Look out for lively times.

BUFFALO, Jan. 3, 1862.

ED. D. D.: From seeing the Game in the CLIPPER between Bethell and myself, I thought perhaps you would like to publish all the wins, and I enclose you five. These five, with the one in this week's CLIPPER, were played in August 1858. The match resulted thus:

Spayth, 4; Bethell, 4; Drawn, 17.

This leaves one win for each, which I will send you if I can. These five, with the one in this week's CLIPPER were lately published as played between Bethell and myself, and I remember five of them as correct as played. I have all the eight wins somewhere, but cannot find them at present. Yours, H. SPAYTH.

BUFFALO, Jan. 9, 1862.

TO P. M. HARWICK: In reply to your request to "make one move after your 3 to 8," I do so, and if I have not drawn correctly, let me know.

POSITION.

Black men on 2 5 6 7 8 16 18 19
White men on 13 14 17 25 26 27 28 32
White to [illegible] and draw.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
25	21	18	23	32	27	12	16
27	18	8	12	28	24	19	28
26	22	16	20	27	23	and draws.	

I also believe there are other ways to draw. Yours, OUSIS.

BUFFALO, Jan. 10th, 1862.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER:—Dear Sir: I notice in this week's CLIPPER, you call my attention to an article on the Championship, from an *anonymous* correspondent signed "Express." This "Express" seems to be very much annoyed because the *Irish Sporting Times*, of Dublin, Ireland, appreciates the *deeds*, and compliments our Champion, Mr. Spayth. It is very evident "Express" makes no pretensions himself to play Martins, of London, or furnish one who does; but his main object appears to be to decry our Champion—who may be some day pitted against the London Champion. "Express" must be hard pushed to go back over four years to rake up an old matter to convey the impression that Spayth may not *now* be the Champion. To go back so far, I may ask why was not Spayth's challenge accepted, published in the CLIPPER in 1857, to play Drysdale across the board for $100 and the Championship? And further, if Mr. Drysdale could at that time dispute the Championship, he cannot now, as will be seen by the following card:—

"CARD.—New York, Oct. 31st, 1859:—EDITOR OF CLIPPER: Allow me to inform the Draught readers of your paper that I have retired from the game, and am no longer open to play any person in this country. All my former challenges are now withdrawn.

(Signed) A. J. DRYSDALE."

Let me say, in conclusion, to this envious "Express," that more than nine-tenths of the intelligent players of this country consider Spayth the Champion of America, and that all who have ever examined books on the game, both here and in Europe, know that he has produced by far the best treatise on the game ever published in any country; and for this, if nothing else, deserves the thanks and gratitude of all who are interested in the game.

Yours, &c., SPECTATOR.

GAME No. 33.—VOL. IX.

THE CROSS.

SPAYTH vs. BETHELL—IN AUGUST, 1858.

Spayth, Black.		Bethell, White.		Spayth, Black.		Bethell, White.	
1..11	15	23	18	11..10	19	32	27
2..8	11	26	23	12..3	7	21	17
3..4	8	30	26	13..11	16	18	15
4..15	19	24	15	14..8	12	15	11
5..10	19	23	16	15..19	23	27	18
6..12	19	23	17	16..16	19	11	2
7..9	14	18	9	17..12	16	2	9
8..8	22	25	18	18..5	39	17	14
9..2	6	27	24	19..1	6	31	27
10..7	10	24	15	20..16	20, and Spayth won.		

GAME NO. 34.—VOL. IX.

This Game is a correction of one found in the American Draught Player, Henry Spayth author. The analysis and correction is by A. H. Mercer, an old contributor to the CLIPPER, and is well known by all Draught players, to be the best analyst in the United States, and it is doubtful whether his equal can be found in the world.

AYRSHIRE LASSIE.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11 to	15	24 to	20	17..18 to	11	26 to	23
2..8	11	28	24	18..11	15	29	25
3..4	8	23	19	19..3	7	25	22
4..15	18	22	15	20..7	11	(a)23	19
5..11	18	32	28	21..15	24	28	19
6..9	14	26	23	22..32	28	31	27
7..10	15	19	10	23..28	32	27	23
8..6	15	28	19	24..32	27	22	18
9..5	9	19	10	25..27	24	18	9
10..18	22	25	18	26..24	15	9	6
11..14	32	10	6	27..15	10	6	1
12..1	10	20	16	28..11	15	1	5
13..12	19	24	6	29..10	14	5	1
14..9	13	6	1	30..13	17	1	6
15..2	6	1	10	31..17	22	21	17
16..7	14	30	26	32..14	21	(b) 6	10

Drawn.

(a) Mr. Spayth says this is the correct play:

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
20..		31	27	22..32	23	28	24
21..14	18	23	14	23..11	16 Black wins.		

(b) This is beautiful play, after the twentieth move. Good players will admire the ending and find Mr. Mercer's play is a little the best.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 39—VOL. IX.

BY A. L. H.

White.			Black.	
1..31	27		11	16
2..13	17	(if)	16	23
3..17	19, and wins,	or if		
2..			21	14
3..28	24		16	23
4..27	2, and wins.			

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 59th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..30	26	22	18
2..19	24	28	19
3..26	23, and wins.		

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
13..15	24	28	19
14..14	18	19	16

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
12..16	19	15	11
13..6	10	32	27
14..9	13*	17	14
15..10	17	27	23

* Not 6 to 13, as given last week.

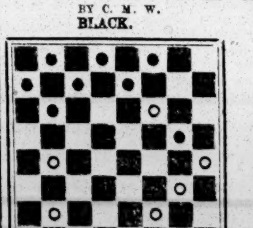
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
1..11	15	23	19
2..8	11		

POSITION No. 39—VOL. IX.

BY C. M. W.

BLACK.

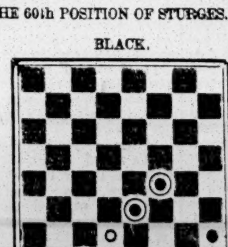


WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE 60th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

AQUATICS IN ENGLAND.

SCULLING MATCH, FOR £30, BETWEEN E. MAY AND W. SPENCER.—On Saturday, December 21, a sculling race came off for £15 a side, from Putney Aqueduct to Hammersmith Bridge, between E. May, of the Times Unity Rowing Club, and W. Spencer, of the Temple Unity. May allowed Spencer the choice of station, notwithstanding which 5 to 4, and, in some instances, 6 to 4 was laid on May. May was the first to show, at 3:25 P. M., rowing in his splendid outrigger, built by H. Clasper. He was attended by George Drewett, in the head of the attendant eight-oar. Spencer did not show near his station for about a quarter of an hour, having H. Kelley, of the Bells, Putney, to coach him up. H. Salter was chosen umpire for May, and Mr. Clifton for Spencer; Mr. C. Wilcox, of the White Hart, Barnes, being the referee. Spencer, having the station, of course took the Middlesex shore; betting at this time, 5 to 4 on May. After stripping, a few false moves were made, but at 3:59½ they started for the race. Spencer, who was far the quickest off, soon showed the way by a length, which was slightly diminished as they passed the Star and Garter, where May settled down to his work, and drew up, passing Simmonds': but Spencer, putting on a spurt again, increased the lead to half a length. May, on Spencer leaving off his efforts, drew up, so that at the half-mile post they were nearly level for a few strokes, when Spencer, who rowed in the best style, again got away, amidst the shouts of the takers of the odds. May here slightly bored Spencer, but finding out his error he went out again, and a good race ensued until reaching the Craven Cottage, at which point Spencer's boat was caught by a gust of wind, and turned out to cross too soon. May, rowing the same course, gradually gained, and no doubt in consequence of an infirmity under his left arm, rowed into Spencer's quarter, the latter leaving off rowing as well as May, when claims of "foul" were made on both sides. Spencer was the first to commence rowing again, followed by May, who, after crossing over, rowed a fine race home, only being second by three parts of a length. Time, 10 min. 55 sec., with a very slack tide. After a few minutes' deliberation, the referee considered that both men were in fault respecting the foul, and therefore decided that they must row again.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK, SEN.

BORN at Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, Eng., August 24th, 1794. He was intended for the Navy, and at an early age received his appointment as Midshipman, but irresistably attracted by the profession of which his father had been a distinguished member, he soon renounced the "cocked hat and dirk," and became one of a number of young aspirants called "The Academicals." Richard Brinsley Sheridan being at one of their performances, was struck with the promise displayed in the impersonation of Young Wallack, and, in consequence, procured for him at the age of twelve an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre. At eighteen he played Laertes to Elliston's Hamlet—this was on the occasion of the opening of the new Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. From this period he continued a member of the Company, playing with Edmund Kean, Macduff, Edgar, Richmond, Iago, etc., a position which, in such an establishment, at so early an age, is unparalelled. In 1817, he married the daughter of the celebrated John Johnstone, better known as "Irish Johnstone" and immediately took his departure for the United States.

Many years ago, when actors were a more shabby class than they are now, and the stage was regarded as the most convenient and best lighted path to perdition, there existed in this metropolis a theatre yclept the Park. Being the only place of amusement of any consequence, it speedily became popular. Artists who came to this country waited upon the manager with fear and trembling. They crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee to his awful garrulity. They listened to his little shibboleth of art and rejoiced. It was well for them that they did, for the Park, like an æsthetical boa-constrictor, crushed what it did not swallow. To make money it was neccessary to play at the Park; to know anything of acting it was nescessary to have graduated from that temple of the muses. Critics of easy virtue wrote tremendous disquisitions on the affinity of all that was truly great with all that was done at the Park, and actors at the Park, breathing the salubrious atmosphere of Mount Parnassus, looked down, like gods, upon common people. About this time there arrived in this country a gentleman whom we now call the "veteran manager." He was in the prime of life; gifted with rare talents as an artist, and still rarer faculties as a manager. For some reason he did not "see" the Park. Doubtless he was told, as we are even now told, that it was the best place of amusement in the world. Some eminent tragedian, smelling strongly of tobacco, undoubtedly recommended him with exuberant generosity to try the provinces. But shutting his eyes alike to perfection and disinterestedness, this new comer resolved to open a theatre of his own. You may imagine if you like the jokes of the low comedy man, the lofty scorn of the leading tragedian, the sarcastic considerateness of the manager, and the beery doubts of the critics, when the news became known in the purlieus of the Park Theatre. If, in our day, the Governor of Coney Island were to send a missive to the Mayor of New York, warning him to remove the women and children, because it was his intention to bombard the city within twenty-four hours, the surprise could not be greater But the public, which looks to facts, accepted the thing with favor. Mr. Wallack opened his theatre, and from that day to this has been quietly accepted as the best manager we have ever had. The rosy fiction that nothing could surpass the glories of the Park, has vanished into that very thin air which old and superseded actors are apt to use when they "blow" about their former triumphs.

Just now, when the tendency of management is to drag down theatrical performances to the lowest level of sensuous glitter and senseless gabble, it is something to see Mr. Wallack stepping forth on a new stage to enter upon a new career. It means at least that there will be one honest and authoritative voice raised in the cause of art. We do not fear that it will be unheeded. The public must weary of the trash the other establishments present, and turn to Mr. Wallack for what is pleasant and profitable He who takes care of the beautiful invariably finds that the useful (such, for instance as money, newspaper puffs and glory) will take care of themselves. A German gentleman named Goethe, who knew a thing or two, discovered this long ago.

He made his *debut* on the American stage, September 1818, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Macbeth. In 1819, his first son, Mr. Lester Wallack was born. In 1820, returned to England, and opened at Drury Lane, as Hamlet. In 1821, again visited America and played a most successful engagement in New York. He soon after departed for Philadelphia, and during his journey in a stage-coach it broke down, and he received a compound fracture of the leg, which kept him from his business for over eighteen months. As soon as he recovered he departed for England, leaving his wardrobe in New York. Returned to New York and appeared at the Park, as Capt. Bertram, an old sailor on crutches. In the afterpiece he appeared as Dick Dashall, and when he stepped upon the stage minus the crutches, the expressions of surprise and enthusiasm may be imagined. Since that time Mr. W., has ever been a welcome visitor to our shores. In 1837, he became manager of the National Theatre, New York; and in May 1852, opened Brougham's Lyceum, New York, as Wallack's Theatre.

Mr. Wallack owns a splendid country seat at Long Branch called "The Hut," a farm reaching down to the water.

JAMES WM. WALLACK, JR.

SON of Henry Wallack, and nephew of Jas. Wallack. Born in London, Eng.: made his first appearance on the stage in 1822, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as the Child, in "Pizarro;" first appeared in New York in 1839, at the old National Theatre, corner of Leonard and Church streets, as Fag, in "The Rivals." In 1851, he visited England, and made his first appearance on the London stage, March 8th, as Othello, at the Haymarket Theatre, where he met with great success. Returned to America, and appeared at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, November 8th, 1852, as Macbeth.

Mr. Wallack's personations never appear natural; he is always acting, and by too much anxiety to please, he never allows the audience to forget that they are in a theatre. There is a monotony in his voice, an invariable dry sameness in his manner, and an excess of acting, with an apparent confidence in his success, which must forever preclude him from attaining the summit of representation as a tragedian.

Leontes, in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," is one of his best performances. The abrupt developement of the jealousy of the King of Sicilia he renders with great effect; he infuses a world of meaning into that passage in the second scene of the third act—

"Too hot, too hot;
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me;—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy,"

shows most accurate conception. In his scene with Camillo, his portrayal of the King, transformed into a fiend by the influence of sudden passion, and seeking the assassination of his most devoted friend, leaves nothing to be desired.

Mr. Wallack's "Richard" is an effective representation without being a true one, and is best in its melodramatic portions; his readings are very rapid, and incorrect, and his words are very often lost by imperfect enunciation, just as his meaning is rendered imperfect by an unpleasant change of voice. With many errors, his Richard is spirited and effective. In portions, he attains to high ability, and with his fine manly figure and spirited action, will always prove acceptable, without being absolutely great.

The character of Leon, in "The Iron Mask," is one of such heart-rending suffering, oppression, and injustice, that it would be impossible for a dramatist to add to its pathos. But if the author can do little, the artist can do much. Imagination could scarcely realize to what state a human being could be reduced physically and mentally after ten years of solitude, suffering, darkness, and utter helplessness. Mr. Wallack has forever engraven on the mind this terrible picture to hang in the gallery of memory amidst the few images of the true, strong, and real things one has met with in one's progress through an artistic world. The great creation, where Mr. Wallack soars above all rivals in the third act, where he enters with the instrument of torture, his iron mask on, and from the young, gallant, and gay cavalier we last saw, brings before us the wreck that man's tyranny has made of Heaven's "noblest creation—man." Wallack's face is entirely concealed, with the exception of the mouth. He has, therefore, none of the advantages of expression or play of feature, the head and neck is cased in iron, so that the dignity of bearing is lost as a resource for the actor. But Wallack needs not these accessories. His shrunken frame, his feeble, dragging walk, tell more than eye or attitude could convey, and the *soul* which the actor has infused into his *hands* is the most wonderful thing ever witnessed. Although the piece is melodramatic, yet in the hands of Mr. Wallack it is one of the greatest achievements of the modern stage.

Mr. Wallack has many personal advantages, and in addition to his manly person and expressive face, he possesses good taste in matters of costume, with sound judgment in his make-up. To sum up his claims for the histrionic art in a few words, he is an actor who can do more good and bad acting on the same evening, than any artist on the American stage.

MRS. J. WALLACK, JR.

FORMERLY known as Mrs. Sefton, maiden name Ann Waring. Made her first appearance on the American stage, in January, 1829, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. On the 6th of January (her third appearance) she appeared as Emma, in "Family Jars," to Barnes' Delph. When she made her appearance before the audience, she was—as it were—struck dumb, and becoming so embarrassed, was unable to utter a word of her part, and the consequence was, Mr. Barnes was obliged to lead her off the stage. Made her *debut* in New York in 1831, at the Bowery Theatre, and became an especial favorite with her audience. In 1839, she was married to Mr. W. Sefton, and at the death of this gentleman, was again united in the bonds of wedlock to Mr. J. W. Wallack.

Her person is happily suited for tragedy, being perfectly well made; and though not an absolute beauty, her face and address are both agreeable. Her voice she manages with great skill. Her comedy is excellent, with a figure inclining to the requisites of tragedy—for her person is tall, and her action more studied than the easy manner of Thalia seem to demand—and yet we like her mirth much better than her melancholy.

Mrs. Wallack's Hermione, in "The Winter's Tale," is one of her happiest efforts. She is lofty, classic, calm amidst the most terrible troubles; and in the second act—in which her part is unusually severe—she does not miss a line nor fail in an expression. The statue scene is the finest thing ever witnessed on the stage.

Mrs. Wallack's Queen Elisabeth is a performance of great power and in every respect a masterly impersonation. In her hands it becomes a part of first importance, acted with first class ability.

MR. HENRY WALLACK.

Born in London, England, in 1790; made his first appearance on the English stage, at the Surrey Theatre, London, where he was considered a very clever actor; he left the Surrey, and opened at Drury Lane, Oct. 26, 1829, as Julius Cæsar, where his popularity increased nightly. In 1819 he crossed the Atlantic, and made his *debut* on the American stage at the Holliday-Street Theatre, Baltimore. In Philadelphia he became attached to the Chestnut Street company, and for many years was a great favorite

On the 25th of May, 1824, re-appeared in New York, as Reuben Glenroy, in "Town & Country."

In 1825, he was manager of the Chatham Theatre in conjunction with Freeman.

Retired from the stage, and in 1852 was living in London, receiving an annuity from the Theatrical Fund. He re visited this country in 1858, and sailed again for Europe on the 14th of July, the same year.

MRS. H. WALLACK.

Born in England. Visited the United States, and became a great favorite as an actress and dancer.

Her maiden name was Jones. Died in the city of New York, in 1845.

J. LESTER WALLACK.

This gentleman is, perhaps, better known as J. Wallack Lester.

Born in New York, in 1819; made his first appearance on the stage in 1847, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as Charles Surface, in "School for Scandal." Made a visit to London, and made his *debut* at the Haymarket Theatre, with great success. On the 21st of September, 1857, appeared in Philadelphia, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Viscount de Ligny, in "Captain of the Watch."

Mr. Wallack is a careful dresser; and his "make up" is so excellent, as, for a time, to deceive the audience as to his identity. He was not intended for the stage, and though in his younger days a constant visitor at the theatre, yet he did not display any of those characteristics which are inseparable from the embryo player This gentleman has great requisites for the stage—he has a very elegant figure, and a voice which is so powerful without effort, and extensive in its compass, that it attains with the utmost ease everything which dramatic art requires. Is at present stage manager of Wallack's Theatre, New York.

MRS. HENRY WALLACK.

Maiden name Turpin; a native of Liverpool. This lady was not originally destined for the stage. The cultivation of her musical abilities is highly creditable to her early masters, Messrs. Molineaux and Bond, of Liverpool. In 1830, she made her first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, London, as Polly, in the "Beggar's Opera." Since that time, she has well sustained the reputation of her first appearance. In her—without flattery be it said—there was much modest and unaffected beauty; and she adds one more female to the scanty list of those whose personal reputation has passed through the crucible of the stage without spot and without blemish.

Made her *debut* on the American stage June 19th, 1837, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the occasion of Mr. Wallack's benefit. She was undoubtedly one of the most accomplished singers on the stage—a perfect mistress of her art, and possessed of exquisite feeling and taste. She was a decided favorite with her audience; and in the city highly patronized, not only for the display of her public talent, but for her private virtues. In May, 1860, she was in London, playing under the name of Mrs. Anderson, and pronounced the best balladist of the day. Died in London, very suddenly, on the 18th of July, 1860. She had been singing for some time past at Canterbury Hall, and had appeared there a few nights previous to her death, but was not in good health.

Mr. Wallack being unable to complete his arrangements, had postponed his departure for Australia, until the 5th of August, and, therefore, he had the melancholy satisfaction of attending his wife in her last moments

Next week the Jefferson family.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FOUR.

PRIZE FIGHT

BETWEEN

LILLY AND McCOY,

At Hastings, N. Y., on Tuesday, September 13, 1842.

The fight between Christopher Lilly and Thomas McCoy originated at a sparring exhibition in the Bowery, where both parties met shortly after the former's victory over Murphy. They had been old acquaintances, and there was an unsettled grudge between them. Amid the general encomiums bestowed on the youthful conqueror, McCoy's voice was silent, and when challenged for his opinion, he gave it in opposition to the prevailing sentiment. This Lilly couldn't bear, and feeling desirous to brush away any existing doubt from his rival's mind, asked Tom to put the gloves on with him for a set-to and try. But the latter refused, and in an instant, Lilly hit him a straight-forward blow that carried him to the floor. McCoy rose and rushed in, but they were soon separated, and a match was instantly proposed. Everything was soon arranged; a deposit was, either that evening or the next day, made, and each party went into active training—McCoy into the hands of James Sandford, and Lilly in the care of McGee. On Tuesday morning, 13th Sept., 1842, the appointed time, the fight came off according to the articles of agreement.

The morning was just such an one as people generally prefer for not intruding upon, as the rain poured in torrents, the consequence of which was, that not one-fourth of the number that witnessed the fight between Sullivan and Bell were in attendance. The chosen spot was up the Hudson about twenty miles, about half way between Yonkers and Hastings, in Westchester county. The position of the ground was excellent, being on a flat, lying between the Croton Aqueduct and the Hudson, slightly declining, and thus giving an amphitheatrical view from the ropes to the top of the reservoir. The arrangements in and about "the spot" were good, there being two large outside rings shielding the "twenty-four feet square" from the crowd; the time was now drawing near when the men were to enter the ring, and every man was looking for a place to view the fight.

Lilly was said to weigh 140, though many believed him to reach as high as 145 lbs.; he was twenty-three years of age, and an inch taller than his antagonist. On stripping, he presented a fine appearance. His skin was very clear and light in color, but firm in texture and healthy in tone. His form was round almost to perfection; his sides, instead of branching from the waist, gradually outwards to the arm-pits, circled concavely inwards like reversed crescents; his neck was strong and muscular in a high degree; his head—a fighting one, remarkably well set—small, round, bony, with a small featured dial, and his underworks, though at first somewhat light to the eye, sufficiently strong for endurance.

If Lilly's appearance was fine, McCoy's was beautiful. His skin had a warmer glow than the former's; his form was more elegantly proportioned, and his air and style more graceful and man-like. His swelling breast curved out like a cuirass; his shoulders were deep, with a bold curved blade, and the muscular development of the arm large and finely brought out. His head was rather large and long, yet it indicated courage and a love for strife, and the manner in which it was set betokened strength. He was but twenty years and two months old, and weighed 137 lbs.

Lilly first entered the ring, attended by Ford and McCleester, the former seconds of Yankee Sullivan in both his battles; and on tossing up his cap was warmly greeted with cheers from his side of the ring. McCoy soon followed, with James Sanford and Henry Shanfroid, and on following suit with his castor, was greeted in like manner. While they were stripping, the interest was so great, that every man on the ground appeared to have a desire to stake something on the issue, and even bets, to a large amount, were made. Neither man could be said to be the favorite, for of the ten or twelve thousand dollars that were certainly known to be "up," all was evenly wagered. After the men were peeled, the Judges and Referee were selected, the toss was made for the choice of position and won by McCoy, who took the rising ground, though with it he had the sun directly in his eyes. When all was ready, McCoy went over to Lilly, and pulling out two bank notes of $100 each, wagered it with the latter; then both shook hands across with the seconds, retired to their corners, and awaited the cry of "havoc."

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. One o'clock, exactly. At the call of "time," both came directly up, neither offering the customary hypocrisy of a greeting They sparred with some caution for a time; at length, McCoy slightly advanced across the scratch and watching his chance, let fly with his left, but was stopped. Lilly then shifted his ground, when McCoy closed, and during a short struggle, in which each endeavored to fib, the latter was heavily thrown Lilly rose unhurt and McCoy went smiling to his corner, with blood trickling from his left ear. [Shrieks of "first blood!" "hey, go it my Lilly!" from Sullivan and others in Lilly's corner.] Between this round and the next, a person said to be a magistrate of the county appeared to be remonstrating with Sullivan and others; but on "time" being called, withdrew.

2 McCoy came up eagerly and with a remark of "You aint got old Murphy to deal with now," struck out, caught Lilly on the breast, but received a tremendous visitation on the mouth; in return, in straining forward to answer it, McCoy slipped and went down.

3. Some wary sparring and shifting about; at last Lilly hit out and caught McCoy severely on the neck, from which McCoy slipped down on his knee, Lilly smiling at him.

4 Both wary, McCoy giving ground and showing slight fatigue, Lilly made a slight push out at McCoy's breast, and McCoy went down. [Laughter and cries of "Bah! bah!" from Sullivan and Lilly's friends.]

5 Lilly came briskly in and went right to work, caught McCoy again on the mouth; McCoy countered and fell. [Cries of "foul."]

6 Both eager, heavy exchanges by both, right and left: McCoy then rushed in, when Lilly chopped him with his right severely on the back; Tom, however, soon stopped this work, and in a short violent struggle, both went down to the ground side by side.

7. McCoy came up, showing an eager desire to fight. In return to a pass he made, Lilly struck out with his left, caught his man in the abdomen, from which the latter fell, and rose from the ground pointing at his stomach and complaining of a "foul" blow. An uproar immediately ensued; the two parties violently charging and denying, during which the Judges agreed that the blow was "foul," and on appealing to the Referee, had their decision confirmed by him. Here the fight should have ended, but the principal backer of McCoy, from excess of generosity, refused what he called "an advantage," and though the decision was worth some thousands to him, demanded that the contest should go on In the interim, some one had called "time," and the men, by appearing at the scratch, concluded all foregone exceptions.

8. Lilly led off with a sharp cheek blow, followed by a tremendous repeater on McCoy's mouth; McCoy then rushed in, and after a few sharp exchanges, closed, endeavored to throw Lilly, who turned him, however, as he was going down, and fell heavily on him.

9 Lilly came up bleeding freely at the nose—they went at it fiercely, and planted a heavy mutual hit; a little sparring and another counter followed; ending in a clinch, each firmly locking the other's hands. A dispute ensued, both claiming "foul"—considerable time elapsed, at the end of which, in obedience to the numerous cries of "fight! fight!" they struggled violently together, and McCoy was again turned under, with Lilly on him.

10. McCoy put in a severe body blow, and in following with the other hand over reached himself and fell.

11. Even bets freely offered on McCoy—Lilly looking flimsy and distressed. McCoy came up smiling and confident, received a hit from Lilly on the chin, rallied and closed on him. Lilly caught him well and both fibbed severely, a struggle ensued, at the end of which Lilly turned McCoy and fell on him as before.

12. McCoy smiling and speaking in an under tone to his antagonist, as he squared up to him. "$100 to $80 on McCoy!" Cautious sparring: both struck out, and both stopped the ugly looking threatened visitations. McCoy made another heavy offer, which not getting home, in consequence of a quick aside movement of Lilly's, threw him forward badly off his guard, which Lilly took advantage of by giving him a sharp upper cut as he fell.

13 Tremendous counter—rush by both, and heavy exchanges, clinch, and McCoy down at the ropes.

14. "$100 to $60 on McCoy!" This offer, though McCoy had no perceptible advantage of Lilly, was not taken; Lilly's friends fearing, probably, that there was something more in it than met the eye. McCoy came up full of confidence, exclaiming, "Ah, I've got you now, old fellow, sure!" and planted two sounding body blows. "Yes, you have!" answered Lilly scornfully, and following up the remark, made a hit at Mac's mouth which made everything ring again. McCoy, at this, rushed madly in and closed; but after receiving some severe punishment from Lilly's right on the small of the back, he was turned and the latter fell heavily on him.

15 Heavy countering. Lilly hit out below the belt, as low as the groin, but was stopped by McCoy. [Cries of "foul."] Lilly hit again, closed and threw McCoy, and fell heavily upon him. McCoy on getting up, complained of being "hit foul;" the Judges saw it, and were again agreed, and loud cries of "foul!" were shouted from all parts of the ring. Lilly's seconds defended him by saying that the blow was "thrown off," and McCoy's backers again passed away their right, by declaring they wanted no such advantage.

16 Heavy body blow thrown in by McCoy—returned on the mouth by Lilly twice successively, McCoy rallied, rushed in, and sharp fibbing ensued by both—they then broke, exchanged another hit, closed again, and after a brief struggle, McCoy threw Lilly heavily and fell on him. [Cheers and $100 to $60 on McCoy!"]

17. Lilly hit out weak, in answer to a light body blow from McCoy; he made another pass, and McCoy dropped [Hisses, and cries of "bah! bah!"]

18 McCoy got in a light body blow, and dropped away from a wicked return.

19. Lilly improving—McCoy got in his usual body blow, which was returned by Lilly heavily in the old place on the mouth. Heavy counters—Lilly getting in a terrific lunge on McCoy's left eye; a close by McCoy followed, who, in trying to throw Lilly, was turned himself, and fell heavily, with his antagonist upon him. The fight had now lasted 20 minutes.

20 Cautious sparring. In getting away from threatened danger, Lilly slipped on his knee—rose, followed, and delivered a stinging hit on Mac's lip, cutting it badly, and starting the blood out in streams. McCoy returned with a heavy lunge full on Lilly's frontal bone. Lilly then attempted to rush in, but short, quick exchanges followed, ending in a clinch, and McCoy was heavily thrown, with his man on him again.

21 Even betting—Lilly freshening—both came up free. McCoy commenced by delivering a tremendous blow on Lilly's mouth, starting the blood as from his own in the round before; clinch, and in falling, McCoy turned under, and Lilly fell in his lap.

22 McCoy came up smiling, with the blood streaming over his breast and upper lip, his left cheek and eye showing the effects of their heavy visitations. He caught two sharp ones again on the old places, and in attempting to return, slipped and fell.

23. McCoy came up again; on approaching Lilly, he said in an under tone—"I've got you, sure enough!" which Lilly answered instanter with a shary cutting blow on the offending organ. McCoy rushed wildly in, when Lilly tapped him again, and in the clinch that followed, after some sharp in-fighting by both, Lilly was thrown.

24. Three or four sharp blows by Lilly in McCoy's dial—all the round his, except the throw, which resulted in his going outside the ropes. Cheers for "Tom!"

25. Both cautious and self-possessed. Lilly stopped two mischievous looking offers, and in a clinch, threw his opponent heavily, and fell on him.

26. McCoy, from the profuse manner in which he perspired—globules of sweat clustering all over the surface of his body—now plainly showed that his condition had been too fine; and to make the matter worse, his second [he could be said to have but one] after dragging him by the armpits to his corner, checked the glow by drenching with cold water. On coming up, he received a head hit, which he countered in the breast heavily, then clinched his man, and threw him through the ropes.

27. Two sharp ones for Lilly in the old place—close, and both down. Even betting.

28 Lilly cool as a cucumber, and wary as an Indian—McCoy, on the contrary, too free, and too ready to fight. Lilly put in three successive terrific neck blows, which had a squelching sound that could be heard all over the crowd. McCoy game as a pebble, and fearless as a lion, rushed wildly in, caught two or three more before he could clinch, and then was badly thrown.

29. McCoy's lip very much swollen, and the blood from his mouth streaming profusely over his breast. He appeared somewhat confused from the punishment of the former round, and received three successive hits in the face; the last carrying him down straight.

30. McCoy plainly showing his punishment, and his right eye also beginning to complain, while Lilly, save by a slight swelling of the upper lip, was scarcely marked. McCoy caught it again twice, and went down with the last blow clean.

31. McCoy evidently much fatigued and worried, caught it again severely in the old place—returned with a body blow, and dropped stupidly. Cries of "Go it, flower, you've got him licked now!"

32. Lilly had now proved himself by all odds the best hitter, and was also peculiarly adroit in saving himself from punishment and over-labor—on the other hand, McCoy was free and unguarded, and continually wasted himself with ineffectual efforts, in his ambition to do too much. Lilly planted one on his nose, at which McCoy clinched, but was pressed to the ropes, and, after a short struggle, was badly thrown, Lilly falling on him bodily as before—Mac complaining of "foul" as he went to his corner.

33 McCoy's lip dreadfully swollen, and the whole contour of his face altering its expression He struck strongly out after stopping blow, and fell down on his knee.

34 Lilly got in another of his cutting blows on the right cheek—a close, and sharp in-fighting, and a bad fall for McCoy; Lilly on top as usual, and in obedience to Sullivan's cries of "Lie on him, Chris! lie on him!" remained on the breast of his gasping enemy until lifted off. The fight had now lasted forty minutes.

35 McCoy came up smiling through all his gore, and renewed the common trick which he had practised in the few first rounds, of pointing in a bantering manner to his own face, as if to say, "Why don't you hit me there?" Lilly obliged him at once by planting a wicked shot on his nose which McCoy answered by a sharp rally and a close, which resulted in Lilly's being thrown, and his head striking smartly against one of the posts.

36 Both cautious; heavy body blow for McCoy, and a tremendous counter for Lilly in his neck. McCoy returned, but not getting home, fell.

37. McCoy confused, and very much astray Instead of looking at his man, glanced around the ring. However, he righted before his situation was discovered or taken advantage of, and stopped a dangerous approach; he then replied with a good effort, but not getting in, fell back from Lilly's threatened return.

38. Lilly got in another in the old place; McCoy slightly answered it in the body, and went down.

39. Lilly waited for the assault, and kept well on his guard; McCoy, as usual, led off, was stopped, and received a severe blow on his chin, followed by another on the right cheek; McCoy then rallied, and rushed in, and they both dropped to the ground together—McCoy's arms being around Lilly's neck.

40. McCoy right at it again—struck a round blow which found its home on Lilly's left shoulder blade; endeavored to get in a repeater, but Lilly jumped quickly away, and he struck short, and fell—Lilly laughing.

41 McCoy stopped a mischievous offer from Lilly's left—was not so fortunate in regard to his right, which caught him heavily in the breast—McCoy rallied and was thrown hard—Lilly on top.

42 As McCoy came up, some one cried out "He's getting weak!" to which Tom replied, as he squared away, "I'm as strong as ever;" and striking out as he spoke, caught Lilly with his right upon the breast, who tried to counter on the head, but didn't get in Lilly then rushed in, and threw him heavily on his face, the blood gushing profusely from his mouth as he got up.

43 McCoy, notwithstanding his dreadful punishment, came up laughing, and was the first to begin. Both hit together, after which they clinched, and Lilly fibbed him severely. A wrestle followed and McCoy was again badly thrown, with Lilly on him.

44. McCoy too ready, and worrying himself with unnecessary effort He made two or three lunges from which Lilly stepped lightly away. McCoy came up again, and while measuring for another blow, Lilly darted under his arm, roseb ehind, and let drive a tremendous shot on the left side of his head; McCoy clinched, but was again badly thrown, with Lilly on him, though he managed to roll him over.

45 McCoy still bleeding profusely. On going up to the scratch Sandford said to him, "Go at him now, as I told you Randall did, and you'll have him licked in three rounds!" to which Lilly scornfully replied, "I can lick him and you after him, on the same afternoon." McCoy tolled him on by pointing at his face, which invitation was accepted by Lilly with two dreadful blows, one on the chin, and another death stroke on the neck. McCoy rushed in and returned it wildly on Lilly's head, and went down.

46 Light countering—Lilly cautiously approached, preparing for a fly, when McCoy dropped, and Lilly walked to his corner, laughing carelessly.

47. Light countering; another sharp death blow on McCoy's neck; a struggle, and he was heavily thrown.

48 Lilly got in four sharp successive hits, which spread the blood all over McCoy's face—he spat part of it back at Lilly, went in, and was again badly thrown. $100 to $50 on Lilly—taken by Sandford.

49. Heavy exchanges—rather in McCoy's favor, who drove Lilly to his own [Mac's] corner; where Lilly closed, and dropping his head, butted Mac in the stomach, throwing him back. Cries of "foul"—long dispute, and "time" lost.

50 On time being called, the men came up readily again. Counter hitting—close, and McCoy heavily thrown, Lilly on top. One hour.

51. McCoy bleeding all the while, and his face swollen and disfigured. Lilly hit him again on the mouth—closed—fibbed him severely—threw him, and fell heavily upon him.

52 Two sharp hits on the head, and another death blow in the neck for Lilly, the last carrying McCoy down, clean.

53. Some cautious sparring—McCoy made a round hit in Lilly's back, and dropped away from the return.

54. In reply to some remark of Lilly's on their meeting at the scratch, McCoy replied, "oh there's no need of a hurry, we've got a week before us." Lilly waited for him, watched his chance, and dropped one on his old place on the mouth McCoy quickly countered, and heavy lunges were exchanged, concluding with a splendid hit for McCoy on Lilly's chin; the latter then rushed in, and after a mutual effort to fib, McCoy broke away and gave him the upper cut. Lilly rushed in again, when McCoy, summoning all his energies made a desperate exertion, cross buttocked him in fine style, and tossed him fairly on his head. "Beautiful!" Great cheering for McCoy. $100 on McCoy!

55 Beautiful fighting again. McCoy freshening, though his countenance was horribly disfigured, and the blood still flowing quite free. Splendid hits for both—a clinch, fierce struggle, Lilly down.

56 Counter, close—McCoy thrown, but turned Lilly outside the ropes.

57. A head hit for Lilly—McCoy returned, fell short, and dropped.

58. Wary figuring at the scratch, as McCoy was measuring for a fly, Lilly dropped his head, dodged under his arm, and clasping him about the waist, chopped him severely in the loins. McCoy writhed, however, from his disadvantage, and threw Lilly, who turned him as usual on their way to the ground, and fell on him.

59 McCoy's eyes in funeral black, and his mouth and throat full of blood. Three successive equal counter hits; McCoy hit out again but falling short, dropped.

60. Lilly stopped a well meant head blow, and in answer chopped McCoy downwards on his left cheek Counter hits—close, and McCoy thrown badly.

61. Good body hit for McCoy—Lilly closed, caught McCoy by the legs, and threw him badly.

62 McCoy too ready, and wasting his strength by ineffectual efforts, while Lilly cautiously saved himself. McCoy stopped two dangerous offers beautifully, and made another powerful lunge, but wide astray again. Lilly remained very cool, got in another stinging death blow on the neck, and followed it by three more in the face—a rush by McCoy, in which he was thrown.

63. McCoy's seconds at last directed him not to fight so much. While he was sparring away, Lilly chopped him on the head by a downright blow—McCoy countered well on Lilly's mouth, and after receiving two more of the fatal neck blows, rushed in, and was badly thrown, the blood streaming from his mouth.

64 McCoy came up saturated to his very shoes with the cold water with which he was deluged every round, while Lilly was kept nearly dry. Lilly chopped him on the eye again, nearly closing it up—a close, and McCoy badly thrown, the blood gushing from his mouth again.

65 Both reeking with sweat. McCoy working too free again, and wasting powder in his heavy, useless lungs. Hit for Lilly on the right cheek, returned with interest by McCoy in a body blow which carried Lilly down, clean.

66 After some figuring, Lilly got behind McCoy, clasped him round the waist, and letting him go, hit him as he fell. McCoy down.

67 Lilly caught him a dreadful blow on the cheek, which McCoy wildly returned, and was thrown, with Lilly on him.

68 Lilly scarcely hurt; McCoy failing fast. Counter hits, McCoy thrown as before.

69 Cries of "shutters up!" Two or three ineffectual lunges were made by McCoy, which only served to strain and weaken him; rush by Lilly, close, and Lilly thrown head first

70. McCoy was now indeed a most unseemly object; both eyes were black, the left one nearly closed, and indeed that whole cheek presented a shocking appearance. His very forehead was black and blue; his lips were swollen to an incredible size, and the blood streamed profusely down his chest. When he came up he appeared very weak, and almost gasping for breath, and endeavored while squaring away, to eject the clotting fluid from his throat. Several cried, "Oh, take him away! take him away!" After getting a severe hit on the mouth, he rushed bravely in, closed, was thrown, but turned his opponent on the ground.

71. Rally, close; McCoy thrown, and Lilly down on him, heavy.

72. Heavy counter, three more sharp neck blows for Lilly, a clinch, and McCoy thrown heavily, gasping under Lilly's weight

73. McCoy's left daylight almost closed. Both cautious and fatigued. Hit and hit equal, clinch, McCoy caught Lilly's hair, and after working it backwards and forwards twice or thrice, bent him by main strength to the earth.

74. McCoy lunging in the air—Lilly carefully saving himself, McCoy rushed in, their hands became locked, and both fell side by side, Lilly exclaiming with a laugh, as he rose, "By —— he's as weak as a rat."

75 Counter in favor of McCoy, close, fibbing by both, and McCoy badly thrown.

76 The sun appeared now to have a painful effect on McCoy's nearly closed optics. The eyelids were so swollen and stiff, with extravasated blood, that he was obliged to throw his head back and expose his neck to his enemy to enable him to look through the slight crevice left; and this too in the seventy-sixth round. It was now pefectly apparent to every one present that poor McCoy had not the slightest chance to worst his cunning and active adversary. Blow after blow came raining in upon him drawing blood at every stroke, and when he would seek to return, his antagonist would step lightly away, and his blow wasted upon the trenchant air, and had no other effect but that of wasting his strength. McCoy commenced again striking at random, received two stinging blows on the lip as admonishers—a close, and was heavily thrown, Lilly on him.

77. Tom freshening wonderfully, got in a good hit—counter—another good hit for Tom, and Lilly down on his knees

78 Lilly showing great fatigue—McCoy went right to work, rallied, hit all over, clinched and threw Lilly heavily—cheers. $100 even on McCoy.

79 McCoy acting well, got in a terrific body blow, a blow on the cheek—a clinch and Lilly thrown.

80. Two heavy body hits for McCoy, rally by Lilly, counter, clinch at the ropes, and McCoy thrown heavily

81. Lilly bettering, went right to work, put it into McCoy right and left, closed, and threw him heavily, falling on him.

82 McCoy came up unsteady, clinch, and McCoy thrown in the old way.

83 Counter, close, McCoy wooled Lilly, but was heavily thrown.

84. McCoy quite groggy, but still preserving the dignity of unflinching resolution in his gait Lilly got in three severe hits, which McCoy returned open handed, a fatal sign—clinch, McCoy again badly thrown, Lilly falling on him.

85. McCoy came up and made a pass, Lilly threw it aside, exclaiming, "O la!" then after making two splendid hits, rushed in and threw him heavily. On Lilly going to his corner, Sullivan kissed him, in admiration of his prowess.

86. McCoy bleeding and sweating profusely. Clinch—McCoy while twisting him to the earth by main strength, got him locked, then suddenly let go, giving him the upper-cut as he sank, and raising a "mouse" on his left cheek with the blow.

87. Trifling counters, McCoy then struck out, overreached and weakly fell.

88. Though McCoy was now well nigh blinded, he came up well, led off and got in a pretty good body hit. Lilly answered sharp, clinched and threw him heavily and fell upon him, the blood gushing from McCoy's mouth as he lay. Loud cries of "Shame, shame! It's a shame to see such a game man beaten to death!" The fight had now lasted two hours.

89. On bringing McCoy up, Ford and Sullivan cried out, "Oh take that man away. What's the use of beating him to death? He can't win." "Don't fret yourselves," replied Shanfroid, "he's got three hours fight in him yet. He's only beginning to work." "Finish him, then, Cris," returned Sullivan. Lilly let fly at the word, catching McCoy on the mouth, sending the blood in a fine spray in the sun—a rush by McCoy and Lilly thrown.

90. Lilly made two severe hits, close, McCoy pressed to the ropes and severely chopped.

91. McCoy very groggy, rushed in wild, striking open handed—Lilly gave him two sharp cuts in the face, closed, and threw him dreadfully. Cries of "take him away! Don't let him fight any more!"

92. Blood spouting from McCoy's nose; but he still nothing daunted—clinch and both down.

93. Rally, close—Lilly chopped him severely in the loins, then threw him heavily and fell on him. As he was lifted up, Lilly looked down at him and exclaimed, "Be ——, he's game!" 2 to 1 on Lilly.

94. As McCoy made a pass, Lilly dodged under his arm, caught him round the waist and chopped him badly on the back. While at it McCoy dropped hopelessly in his arms, Lilly shoving him down and walking away. Cries of "it's a shame to see a brave man used so! For God's sake take him away!"

95. McCoy came up unsteady, but stern and erect. Counter, close, both locked on the ropes—violent struggle, which ended in McCoy's receiving dreadful punishment, and a terrific fall with Lilly upon him.

96. After a pass, Cris rushed in and threw McCoy in the old way.

97. McCoy staggering and gasping for breath; Lilly hit him full in the mouth, when he turned around crazily and fell.

98. Sharp hit for Lilly; McCoy dropped weakly from a repeater.

99 McCoy ready, though very weak—a clinch and Lilly thrown.

100. McCoy came up well, counter, clinch, and they caught each other's hands While in this position they turned, looked at each other, and exchanged a word, then McCoy changed his hold, and threw him by main strength, nearly on his head. Two hours and 16 minutes.

101. Lilly caught McCoy's head under his arm, jobbed him severley, and fell heavily upon him.

102 Close, sharp fibbing by both, struggle and both down; Lilly spoke to McCoy in a low tone as they lay on the ground together.

103. McCoy suffering very much, scarcely able to breathe, and spitting from his mouth solid clots and long strings of coagulated blood. He came up bravely [the noble boy!] without the slightest indication of a desire to shrink, got in a good body blow, but in the close was badly thrown.

104. McCoy got up himself at the cry of "time," astonishing every one by his wonderful endurance. Both his eyes were almost closed, and resembled purple cushions with a black cord drawn tightly through the middle, to represent the crevice through which he saw. He might be said to grope his way to the scratch. Lilly got in two light head blows, but in the clinch was thrown by a pure exertion of strength on the part of McCoy.

105. Smart counter—a close and both down, Lilly under—McCoy still strong.

106. McCoy rushed in as Lilly was preparing to strike and threw him.

107 McCoy came up slow, sticking his swollen tongue out and opening his mouth to get air, as if laboring under the sense of strangulation—

> "And though his manly heart around,
> No active currents warmly bound;
> Tho' swelled to bursting every vein,
> No token gave he yet of pain."

As he stepped slowly up, Lilly cried out to him to come over to his side, upon which, Ford seeing his condition, exclaimed, "Cris, now you've got him, sure!" "Not so sure as you imagine," immediately said the noble fellow, but in a voice so changed, so husky from its passage through the red current that was hemming out his life. His enemy could do as he pleased; he hit him with impunity; then rushed in and fell heavily upon him. He was "valiant no longer." The "puniest whisper" might have "bearded" him without dread of harm.

108. The same—and McCoy thrown as before. Cries of "Take him out!"

109. Lilly put in three more short head blows, and threw him again with the same result. Time, 2½ hours.

110 Cris rushed in—McCoy caught him by the hair and endeavored to fib him—failed, and was thrown hard.

111. McCoy very groggy, but still striking out strong. At the mark, while squaring, he exclaimed, "I feel like a book!" As if unconscious where he was, however, he suddenly dropped his arms, and on the instant received a planter on the mouth and was severely thrown.

112. McCoy staggering in, but erect and dignified in his manner. Lilly planted another in the old place, starting the blood afresh—close, and McCoy down again, bad as ever. Ford here demanded that the brave fellow should be taken out, amid numerous cries of "Shame," and remarked that "Their doctor would be hung if they didn't." The latter branch of this remark was applied to one who, from the fact of representing himself as physician, had been employed by the seconds of McCoy for the express purpose of watching over the man's life, and saving him, when his powers had been stretched to their extent of endurance. On him chiefly lies the blame of Thos. McCoy's death.

113. Sharp body blow for Lilly—he then rushed in and endeavored to throw his opponent, but fell with the effort.

114. McCoy attended by his second up to the scratch. On being left to himself he received two bad ones in the old places, and both fell.

115. McCoy completely in the dark. He made three good attempts to get in, and in the last fell with the effort.

116. McCoy led up again—caught a severe blow in the mouth, rushed in and was very badly thrown, having pitched head foremost on the ground and scraped his face along it for twelve or eighteen inches before the impetus of his motion stopped.

117. Poor Tom failing fast—Lilly hit him a severe blow in the old place. McCoy obeying his instinct, rushed in, and by an exertion of latent strength that astonished all, threw Lilly and fell upon him. Good, for a dying man! As he lay there, he patted his antagonist on his head, and smiled over him, as if this trifling fortune were amends. On being carried to his corner, he said to his seconds, "Nurse me—nurse me, and I'll whip him yet."

118. McCoy rushed wildly in, received a hit and a fall with Lilly on him that fairly shook the ground. Cries of "Shame! shame!" "For God's sake save his life!"

119. McCoy still indomitably game, came up perfectly blind, and took his position as erect as ever, and put out his arms mechanically. Shanfroid in reply to a rebuke for allowing such a man to fight longer, said, "he ain't half licked yet!" Lilly rushed in and threw him badly, falling on him as always before.

120. McCoy was lifted up heavily from his second's knee, and stood on his feet for the last time. He was led slowly to the mark, and took his position—a dying man—but as erect, as dignified, as game as ever. Lilly was also much fatigued, and enduring considerable suffering from the heavy body blows he had received. They both sparred cautiously; McCoy leading off, as ever, and making two or three good efforts to get in without success. Lilly then rushed in, closed and threw him very hard, fell with his whole weight upon him, and remained upon the dying man until lifted off. On approaching him [McCoy] he was found to be perfectly inanimate, and sank lifeless in his second's arms. Time was called, but not, alas! for him. Poor fellow, he was doomed never to hear sound again, till the challenge of the last trumpet shall pierce the portals of his ears, and summon him, with those who did foul murder on him, to a *mark* from which there can be no dodging—no escape.

REMARKS.

He had fought for two hours and forty-three minutes, receiving eighty-one heavy falls, with his antagonist on him, and bleeding, certainly, for two and a half hours. He fought with good heart, but not well; showing by his open motions everything that he was about to do, and fighting too much. He had also suffered, no doubt, from over training, having previous to the match been in very ill health.

As soon as he had been declared the victor, Lilly jumped up, slapped his hands with an exclamation of joy, and then amid the cheers of his circle, sprang over the ropes of the ring. He was but little marked, and not severely hurt. Poor McCoy, on being lifted from the ground, sank as limpsy as a rag in his second's arms. A cry was made for the Doctor, and a movement in the mass took place to give him air. He lay upon his back, his face and neck one bruised, unseemly mass; gasping for breath, and sucking by the violence of his respiration, his bloated lips far back in his mouth. In the next moment he ceased to breathe, and word went in a hoarse whisper that he was dead! Not a loud sound or rough expression was heard by the vast assemblage that collected at the landing. Solemnly each man embarked, and silently cast off and bore away.

Expand the Chest.—Those in easy circumstances, or those who pursue sedentary indoor employment, use their lungs but little, breathe but little air into the chest, and thus, independent of position, contract a wretchedly small chest, and lay the foundation of the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect that the lungs are like a bladder in their construction, and can be stretched open to double their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent we require, is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as tieing it round with stays, or having the shoulders lie upon it. On arising from your bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, the shoulders thrown off the chest; now inhale all the air you can, so that no more can be got in; now hold your breath, and throw your arms off behind, holding your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as long as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is so much denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner, will enlarge the capability and size of the lungs.

Matrimonial.—A volunteer advises the girls not to marry till the war is over, for they can then get husbands who can cook, wash, and iron, and do general housework, or work in the garden, or run errands for their wives.

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Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

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CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Jan. 20, '62

The week has not been prolific of really good results, the receipts of many of our places of amusement exhibiting a falling off as compared with previous weeks. This may be accounted for, partially, by unfavorable weather, as well as by the depression usually observable after the holidays. The competition between managers is more than usually lively, and each is doing his or her best to meet the public wants, and to float on the tide of prosperity. It is the turning point, for weal or woe, of some of our managers, and well they know it. Woe be to him who falters now. We, as faithful chroniclers of passing events, have been our rounds during the past week (not on the free list system, mind you, but as an independent, paying patron of the drama), visiting all the theatres, the minstrel halls, and some of the concert saloons, and herewith we give the result of our observations, with comments on the players, the plays, and rough notes on current events.

Many and malignant are the "reports" and traps sprung upon the concert halls lately. The daily reporters follow the lead of the "cut throat euchre" so conveniently arranged by certain parties who may wish to create or increase prejudices against the modern music halls. The theatre men and the concert hall men are well able to protect whatever legal rights or prospective profits either may possess. We know very well that the press holds the real balance of power between the two. We might, if we chose, say—"A plague o' both your houses." But our business is to describe passing events as you find them. A certain upheaval is going on among our places of amusement, and this brings to the surface of our social elements, some new features which we are obliged to mention in our review of the week. The latest "gag" started by wonderfully-communicative all-at-once officials, is the story about some Roman Catholic clergyman having been drugged in some cellar on Broadway. Why a Catholic clergyman, and a resident of the South, should be the subject of so special a revelation to the daily reporters, is a question that some observant individuals cannot help asking. The story runs that the "drugging" took place down in a basement near Houston street, and that the "roper in" *said* he was boarding at the Metropolitan. Why one "boarder" at the Metropolitan should "persuade" another to take a nip down in a basement, so near home and good quarters, doth not appear in the sickening trash put forth by the detective-worshipping and greeny reporters. Where are the Peter Funks of Park Row? Where is John B. Gough? The concert halls now so "prevalent" cannot be put down by such namby-pamby reports, mere "dead beat" inventions. If the concert halls are ever put down, restrained, or wisely regulated, it will be by a wholesome concurrence of public sentiment with legislative prudence, such as would arise from the enlarged views of a liberal education and the most free expression of opinion. These are not the times, and this is not the country at any time, for one class to play the dictatorial over another on the subject of amusements. As a general rule, all special legislation on such matters will be found quite inoperative. There are certain considerations which govern all such public resorts. There are certain streets and places where no man of any sense would take a female companion. She would not look very well, (socially considered) in a barber's shop, and yet we know many a barber's shop that not only has no fault, but is always comfortable and proper to visit. A masonic lodge is not exactly the place for a lady to visit, especially when the officers are all in their respective places and duties, and yet no reasonable person can suspect our masonic friends of any lack of gallantry, or of neglecting to provide for "the widow and the fatherless." Manners and customs, in various places, usually govern public assemblages in regard to the hours, the nature of the amusements going on, the presence of our female friends, etc. No matter whether it be a race-course or a refreshment saloon, we are all governed or changed by local ideas and customs, so that legislation is as much out of place as a thousand of brick. In New York, such a conglomeration of cosmopolitan and comical "cusses" as *we* have for a population, are not likely, either residents or strangers, to be governed by ideas from Rip Van Winkle's Sleepy Hollow, Albany, Cayuga Bridge, and other parts towards the setting sun. Besides, what is to become of our rising generation? There must be avenues for talent to be brought forward in. Shall we have only one or two theatres; by "royal letters patent?" One imperial opera? One conservatory of music? As well might we go back to "wooden shoes and brass farthings," royal proclamations, and colonial dependence. Remember, in the multiplicity of places of amusement, we see the foundation of a broader and more republican, more attractive, and more generally enjoyable school of art, bringing forward artists for the million.

Those pious souls who control the affairs of the Brooklyn Academy of Music are a strange set. They refuse to permit Mrs. John Wood to appear there in her free and easy burlesques, but they are not so fastidious when an immoral opera is to be given. But opera is about used up in the Brooklyn establishment. On the 14th, Rossini's splendid opera of the Barber of Seville was given there, but it was coldly received by a slim audience. On the 16th, however, the very *moral* "Traviata" was produced, and pious *habitues* turned out in good numbers to witness it. Brooklyn is termed the City of Churches; but what's in a name? Nothing. The inhabitants of that sainted city are not particular where they go or what they witness, so that it affords them a little amusement. One night they will crowd Brother Beecher's church, to hear that star preacher touch upon every other topic but the one that should most engage his attention—the next night they will attend the Academy to listen to an opera founded upon events in the life of a prostitute, or, more fashionably speaking, a "kept woman." The most sanctified people of that sanctified city are the Directors of the Academy—but so suspicious are they of each other, that they are subdivided into committees, the duties of which are to "fix things" so that no blame can be attached to any one, should the stockholders make complaint on the score of the production of immoral operas, and such like pieces; but the directors seem to understand the tastes of the stockholders as well as the patrons of the shanty, so they find no difficulty in bringing out "Traviata." Their objection to Mrs. Wood may be traced to the apprehension that that lady might, in her own peculiar way, touch some of the directors on the raw, and burlesque *them*. We think a troupe of "Model Artists" would attract more piety to the Brooklyn Academy than anything else that could be offered. Traviata has given the folks over there a taste for that sort of thing. By all means give the *habitues* of the Academy a "sight at the picters."

A correspondence has been going on between Mr. Wm. Fleming and the Directors of the Brooklyn Academy. Fleming *thought* he had engaged the house to play Mrs. John Wood. The Board thought he had engaged to play what they call the legitimate, and named such pieces as *they* thought Mr. F. should produce. He objected, they squirmed, and the whole thing was knocked on the head, and Mrs. John Wood does not appear at the Academy. "Whack, row-de-row, a bunky boy is Yankee Doodle."

The show piece called "The Naiad Queen" was produced at the Winter Garden, for the first time this season, on the 14th inst. The weather was not favorable, and the attendance was not good. It has been well placed upon the stage, both as regards the cast of characters, and the scenic effects, the latter, in many instances, being most excellently arranged. The military evolutions of the Amazons, under the direction of Miss Rosa Wood, were capitally executed, and received well-merited applause. Mr J. S. Clarke gave a capital personation of Schnapps, and called forth repeated applause. There is an originality about this gentleman's performances that is quite refreshing in these days of imitators. In one of the scenes he let off quite a budget of puns. While describing the doings of the fairies under the water, he said they had theatres there, and that the audiences were mostly composed of the codfish aristocracy, the sardines being in the boxes. Among the leading actors there, he alluded to Mr. Sea Bass, (C. Bass) and Miss Herring. Miss Wilks merits favorable notice for her excellent singing in the character of Idez. She was several times *encored*. Mr. Barton Hill, as Sir Rupert, enacted the character with considerable ability; and the others acquitted themselves with more or less credit. The "Queen" has been remarkably well received. Previous to the spectacle, the Cricket on the Hearth was presented, and the charming little play was very well rendered. The last time we witnessed it was at this same theatre, Jefferson playing Caleb, and Agnes Robertson, Dot. On the present occasion, in Mr. Barton Hill Caleb found a fair representative, but not equal to Joe; and Miss Fanny Brown enacted Dot with much spirit. Fanny looks like a little dot, does'nt she? But the Tilly Slowboy of J. S. Clarke, and the John Perrybingle of Harry Pearson were admirably personated. We know not of two others who can do better in those parts. Davidge's Tackleton we do not admire—perhaps Davy will say it don't make any odds to him what we like—it was not rendered in the manner we expected this intelligent and capable actor would perform it. There seemed to be too much of the Bowery boy in Davidge's Tackleton, much to our surprise. It was in striking contrast to the admirable performance of the part by the late T. B. Johnston. Dot has been withdrawn, but "The Naiad Queen" is still on. Business through the week has been middling.

"Barnum had a woolly horse, du da, du da, but now he's got something ten times worse, du da, du da, da." According to "official documents," Phineas has leased Commodore Nutt—George Washington Nutt, rather—for a period of three years. George is a curiosity, said to be a greater—or lesser; which is correct?—dwarf than Master Thomas Thumb. Several other showmen are said to have offered terms for the little Nutt; among them, Mr. Cushing, of Howes & Cushing renown, who is said to have offered $5,000 per year, and found. June, Howe, Quick & Co., are represented as having offered $16,000 for three years, but some how other this company do not seem to have been quick enough. Barnum is supposed to pay thirty thousand dollars for a three years' lease of Master Nutt, with expenses included. The name of the dwarf is suggestive of puns, and we presume everybody will have a joke at the expense of the litle show. *We* are sorely tempted to lead off, but out of regard to the feelings of the susceptible Nutt, we forbear.

No further progress has been made in the pre-concerted action of the theatres against the concert saloons. The bill introduced in the Senate, at Albany, is being canvassed and looked into. A little Bradyising might go a good way toward quashing the free concert bill. The "learned Alderman" says he influenced a much more important bill than this, and all it cost him was $8,000. He went to Albany with $6,000 in his trowsers' pocket, thinking this was enough to purchase the honorable crowd; he went his whole pile blind; the other side "seed him," and went a little better; the alderman called his friends, raised the pool to $8,000 in all, and raked the pile. Now, if an important bill can be staved off for $3,000, a couple of thousand ought to be sufficient to purchase the silence of the honorable members in regard to this concert hall bill. Some of the "Bohemian" crowd—oyster soup critics—are very savage on the concert halls. One of them, who has been deprived, doubtless, of his usual bowl of soup, is very rampageous. He says, these concert halls "*deserve burning to ashes, and every proprietor and manager should go to the penitentiary for life.*" We think this amiable "Bohemian" deserves an extra plate of hash; and if the paper for which he writes can afford it, we hope it will be added to his rations at once. If the journal is so weak in the knees as report says it is, however, then we move a complimentary benefit for the concern at one of the free concert saloons on Broadway. An extra dish of hash can do their rabid oyster soup critic no harm, and may be productive of much good. By all means let him have it.

Back seats, even, are not to be had now at Bryants' Minstrels. We visited the hall one evening during the past week, but "all was vexation and variety of spirit," for the women folks had possession of our usual rear bench, and we were forced to stand it. Among the acts introduced was one stranger than all the rest, being the soul harrowing "spectacle" of the "Stranger," with Evan Horn as the lamentable female, and Daniel Bryant as the tender hearted stranger. In the language of our oyster soup critic, there was a pathos and tenderness in the acting of Mr. Bryant which stamps him at once as the true artist. In the scene between Messrs. Horn and Bryant, where the memorable pledges of their early love were re-produced, many eyes were suffused with moisture; but when those soft and budding gems of matrimonial felicity—the offspring of two hearts that beat as one—were added to the unhappy collection, then it was that the true genius of those actors shone forth as bright as the noon-day sun; a more affecting scene it has seldom been our misfortune to witness. The earnest supplication of the recreant wife; the bitter taunts and gibes, and jeers of the broken-hearted paternal husband and father; the prattling innocence of the disinterested children; all, all, were given with a spirit of naturalness seldom witnessed upon the black boards." Two much praise cannot be given the managers for the manner in which they have placed the piece upon the stage. No expense has been spared to make it what the author desired it should be, when his "prolific brain" was engaged in its construction. As a sensation piece, it puts in the background "Our American Cousin," and "The Naiad Queen." Bryants' business is big, rain or fair weather.

Talking of "Our American Cousin," brings us to Laura Keene's theatre. What a change is here, my countrymen. When the play was first produced, crowds flocked to witness it for several months in succession. Now, there are few to do it reverence. Laura has missed her calculations this season, and she hardly knows which way to turn to catch the tide. But to our "Cousin." The revival of this once popular play has met with about as much success as the manner of its second production deserves, and that is, very slim houses. On Thursday night, 16th, the theatre was not more than half full, while the other places of amusement were all well attended. "Our American Cousin," even when presented with the good cast of its first representation, is only tolerable; but as now given at Laura Keene's it is about as wishy-washy an affair as we have ever seen. The acting of Burnett, Peters, Stoddard, and Raymond alone redeems it from utter condemnation. Of course in this respect we exclude the ladies, the majority of whom "act well their parts;" but we cannot find words to describe the absurd acting of Levick as Lord Dundreary, a character that Sothern's excellent acting alone made noticeable. Sothern's interpretation of the lordly fop was a burlesque, but so well rendered that it became a feature of the piece, but Levick's personation is a burlesque of Sothern's burlesque, and in it he out fops the foppiest of fops. Besides this, the gagging introduced is beyond everything, and in this respect we regret to say Mrs. Allen is amenable to censure. Stoddard's Murcot was a good performance, barring a little too much gesture and emphasis in the scene with Coyle. He was very good in the scene with Florence when he discloses the plot. Burnett's Coyle was not given with that careful observance of the minor points that characterised it the first time of its representation. Mr. Raymond—who, by the way, we have not seen since he appeared at Burton's, in Chambers street—enacted the part of Asa Trenchard very creditably indeed, being very effective in one or two scenes; he avoids a good deal of the absurd action of the conventional Yankee, and was but little inferior to the original representation of the character. His Asa was as worthy of praise as Levick's Dundreary was of censure, and that is paying it a high compliment. We have seen Levick act exceedingly well, and in some characters he is quite talented; but his rendition of Sothern's Dundreary is enough to ruin whatever fame he may have previously achieved. Peters' "Binney" take it altogether, was the most consistently sustained character of the whole. He never forgets himself a moment, but in every little thing he is the character he is enacting. We predict a very short life for this revival, unless there are more fools among the theatrical *habitues* of this city than we think there is. The programme announces that "the play is presented with that careful attention to scenery, dresses, and music, for which this theatre has ever been celebrated." As far as the "American Cousin" is concerned, we have not been able to see its second presentation in the light the programme alludes to. Laura got a company together this season to play pieces in the style of the "Seven Sisters." She expected to run the "Sons" the season through, and made no provision for a fire in the rear. The legitimate has come into favor, the sensation has been quashed, and Miss Keene finds herself with plenty of material, but not of the proper quality to produce, effectively, standard dramas and comedes. "Oh! what will she do now, poor thing, oh! what will she do now? She must hide herself under her wing, poor thing, she must hide herself under her wing."

Canterbury Music Hall is a good place to see how the concert hall cat jumps about these days. We are much pleased to observe that the Saturday matinees, especially arranged for the accommodation of ladies and children, are well patronized. There are some feminine minds which have a sort of morbid uneasiness of curiosity to behold a place where only men do congregate. In this case, too, there is an intense desire to see those terrible creatures—the waiter-girls, for (well do the darling sex know it), "Love rules the court, the camp, and"—the concert hall. If a man cannot govern his mind on such matters, Broadway must be a very slippery and dangerous place all the year round, ice or no ice, concert halls or no concert halls. Will our Albany legislators undertake to protect our virtue from the shafts of Cupid, whether at church, theatre, or concert hall? This would give the world a new view of the doctrine of predestination. According to appearances, we think that our lady friends will gradually become ardent supporters of the concert halls, if conducted with propriety. Our dramatic literature prospers, although we have no government censorship, and our places of amusement may be safely left to our general love of good order and public decorum. Even we—"accustomed as we are to public" writing—are often astonished to observe the many meritorious artists engaged at our concert halls. The orchestra at the Canterbury, ably led by Mr. Braham, is judiciously composed of gentlemen who might have become more famous with more opportunities. Now, what does the Canterbury do for them? It not only gives them employment, but it affords the opportunity for artistic distinction which all true artists are continually seeking. Let the genius of art stand upon such an American platform, and art will then be properly worshiped. Therefore, let Brother Braham continue to sound his A with his usual grace, and "more power to his elbow." When the curtain rising brings on the Canterbury Minstrels, we find such bucks as W. N. Smith, R. M. Carroll, Byron Christy, Paul Berger, Sig. R. Abecco, J. G. H. Shorey, F. Spear, W. Arlington, W. Ross, and others. Shades of the departed Guinea negro nation! What shirt collars. "A tuneful nine" the entire troupe certainly are. The dancing, singing, etc., by the great company, cannot well be surpassed. No end to the "variations" at the Canterbury. This week, Yankee Robinson and Miss Fanny Wilson vary the programme considerably; and another fairy pantomime is in rehearsal.

When visiting the Broadway Music Hall, we often have to think which is the most "more so" of all our concert halls in that cosmopolitan thoroughfare? This question is only to be answered by the public. Our place is to speak of things as we find them. Visitors to the Broadway Music Hall, (Wallack's old temple of worship to Thalia), are sure to count a safe trick for their investment. The concluding pantomime is "The Cobbler and Tailor." Snip, the tailor, John Mulligan, and Wax, the cobbler, Billy Birch, have a combat, which, after having exhausted all the weapons within reach, takes the form of a glove fight, and is the most comical thing of the kind ever done on any stage. The display of science is "immense." Another pantomime, called "Kim-Ka," is the next novelty. Mons. La Thorne is sure to spread his genius on it as stage manager. By the way, Tony Pastor has nominated himself for election on the 21st, and the treasurer holds the ballot boxes. If half of Tony's friends were to go, who could "stand the pressure?"

At 444 Broadway, we have an agreeable and varied selection of negro minstrelsy, comic or sentimental songs, beautiful ballets and all sorts of character dances, with any amount of wonderful feats by the Delavante Brothers, etc. Charley White, Billy Quinn, Fattie Stewart, George Warren, Billy West, are only a few prominent samples of the "boys" here to be seen in all their glory—trying to please the public. The ladies are all admirable, and have been judiciously selected for well sustaining their several departments. The concluding pantomime of "Scampini" continues as popular as when first introduced by Ned Warden, and well it may at 444, for every part, from the "opposing parient" to the "black shadow," is faithfully filled by the capital company now there. Want of room compels us to "hold up" for the present. But, whoever wants an evening's amusement, as a sure thing, for a very small investment, is morally certain to be morally convinced at 444 Broadway.

At the New Bowery, Corson W. Clark closed a second week on the 18th. The reduction in the price of admission to the gallery of the gods has had the effect to bring back the boys who struck against high prices; and the upper circle presents a more healthy appearance in consequence. Mr. Clark took a benefit on the 17th, appearing as Claude Melnotte, and as Luke, in "Luke the Laborer." The attendance was fair to middling.

Mrs. Wood is not to be bluffed off by Brooklyn Academy directors. She has the spirit to "meet Bombastes face to face," and will appear this evening and the 22d, at the Brooklyn Athenæum, in some of her burlesques. She is to be supported by Mrs. Skerrett, Messrs. Lewis Baker, Chas. Walcot, Jr., Wall, Morris, Ferguson, etc. Koppitz leads the orchestra. Lay on, Mrs. John, and squelched be he who first cries let's hold on.

Mr. Stickney deserves much credit for running the season through so well at the old Bowery. He took the theatre in the face of many obstacles and much opposition, and by judicious management he has kept the pot boiling much longer than had been anticipated. He has given us novelty upon novelty—has produced some very clever pantomimes—introduced to us a number of excellent artists, and done much better than many who preceded him in the management of this house. Eaton Stone had a complimentary benefit there on the 18th, on which occasion a number of pugilists and kindred "sporting celebrities" were advertised to be exhibited, of whom the veteran Tom Hyer and the champion J. C. Heenan were the only ones who showed their heads but not hands, and were received with vociferous plaudits. The house was good and the pit well filled with boys who delight in seeing every novelty, from a woolly horse to a real live pug. It was a happy thought in Eaton to show up the "sporting celebrities." Dan Rice and his mules will be exhibited next, opening on the 20th.

Wallack is still running "standard comedies." Business has fallen off somewhat, but the houses are still good.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers have rung themselves out of Niblo's Saloon after a very unprofitable series of entertainments. Their brief and unsuccessful season in the metropolis can but have the effect to injure them in the provinces. Toll, toll the bell, and ring the knell, of departing Peaks.

Miss Kate Fisher, a most talented actress, after a few months careful preparation of her pieces, such as the "French Spy," "In and out of Place," "Our Gal," "Masks and Faces," etc., is now ready to negotiate with managers and others "at home and abroad," excluding "Dixie," for engagements. As a vocalist Miss Fisher ranks high and, being an excellent linguist, sings in various languages.

The great combination—Davenport, Wallack, Wheatley & Co., at Niblo's Garden, have not done so well as had been expected. The houses have been good, but not great. Mr. Stuart, the owner of the establishment, has injured the place by keeping it closed so long. Heretofore, the theatre itself would attract larger audiences than any other house. Now, with a splendid company, business is not what it should be. The tragedy of Julius Cæsar was given on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, with this cast:—Brutus, E. L. Davenport; Cassius, J. W. Wallack, Jr.; Mark Antony, W. Wheatley; Julius Cæsar, Geo. Ryer; Casca, Mark Smith; Portia, Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., etc. It was capitally rendered; so well, indeed, that we have no intention of attempting to mar, by captious criticism, what was really so good as a whole. Wheatley's oration over the dead body of Cæsar was a masterpiece of elocution; Davenport's Brutus was a capital delineation of that noble Roman; while Wallack's Cassius was a splendid impersonation. Ryer, Smith, and Mrs. Wallack, were exceedingly clever in their respective parts. We notice that the forces at this house are to be still further augmented by the engagement of Mr. Hackett, who will appear, on Wednesday evening, 22d inst., as Sir John Falstaff, in "King Henry the Fourth."

Hooley's Minstrels have done a good share of business during the week. "Ye ancient ballad" of Barbary Allen grows in favor, and is nightly received with the greatest applause. It is the hit of the season; Griffin and Fox are immense in it. A varied bill of fare is nightly offered, introducing sentimental and comic singing, burlesque dancing, Negro eccentricities, and other acts incidental to a minstrel entertainment. "Jane Ashore" makes a funny competition with the veritable "Jane Shore," of the theatres.

Look out for the Hutchinson Family, who are expected in New York and in Brooklyn this week, on their way home from the Potomac.

People do say that Edwin Forrest is soon to appear at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (and Morals), "perwided" Nedwin shows a clean bill of health. Why not?

Tony Pastor takes a benefit at Broadway Music Hall, on the 21st inst., on which occasion his son, Tony Pastor, Jr., will make his first bow to the public in the pantomime of the "Brazilian Ape." Several big guns have volunteered their services, among them Billy Birch and Harry Leslie. Tony is a deserving man, and we hope the boys will not be slow in going forward to give him a bumper.

Bro. H. D. Northrup gave the Sunday afternoon lecture on the 19th, at Barnum's Museum, and Bro. Eban follows on Sunday next. N.B.—The picture of the "Fat Girl" is too heavy to be removed, but its devotional tendency is a "heavy ticket."

We shall have to brush up our French for those "Soirees Francaises" at Irving Hall, commenced on the 21st Jan.

At the Stadt Theatre, "The Orphan of Berlin" has found good and kind friends among our German theatrical population.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

D. R. Allen's Tableau Troupe are at Windsor, Vt., doing a moderate business. On the 15th inst., they performed the play "Ireland and America," or "Yankee Modesty," with great success. We notice among the names of the company that of Mr. J. P. Winters, a graduate from this city. He is performing leading business. We append a full list of the troupe:—Mrs. J. Dunn, Mrs. D. R. Allen, D. R. Allen, J. P. Winters, J. Dunn, W. M. Holland, Kelly, J. Blyth, S. Sammis, Master Willie Young, Miss Nellie Baxter, Miss Smith.

Prof. MacEvoy's Cyclorama, together with his attractive family and Whiston the humorist, having closed their engagement at Detroit, recrossed the river to Windsor, C. W., and gave two performances on the 14th and 15th inst., Prof. MacEvoy is a good manager which his success abundantly proves, and his son Charles is beginning to receive the reward that his devotion to the study of the violin deserve. Whiston the humorist is a great favorite upon the stage and in private circles. He was well received in Detroit.

Oberist's Varieties is the name under which business is now done at the old Centre Street Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio. J. F. Oberist, J. A. Hayes, and Prof. Juch, are the leading performers, and Thos. J. Quinlan is the business manager.

Johnny White is now in his second week at the Gayety Music Hall, Albany, N. Y., and his jig dancing seems to please greatly.

The success of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, at their own opera house in Boston, cannot be any more "'tiser than 'tis," for the place cannot hold more than find seats at the first rush. That last novelty is a "button buster."

Janesville, Wis., is quite lively with Hurd and Riley's dramatic company, at Lappin's Hall.

Miss Julia Daly had a benefit at Columbus, Ohio, on the 17th Jan. D. E. Ralton is leading man there.

A chap advertised in the Utica, N.Y., papers, a sword exhibition, in which he promised to let the audience "run him through" *ad libitum*, with any number of sharp instruments. But the shrewd scamp, instead of waiting to be hacked by curious sight seers, "cut" the audience, the hall proprietors, and printers, in the most scientific manner, by sloping with the proceeds.

Our correspondent "Rover," writing from Wheeling, Va., thus speaks of affairs in that place:—EDITOR CLIPPER—Since my last communication, I left the "Iron City," and came to this place. Although within the borders of a seceded State, yet nothing has occurred to mar or disturb the harmony of the inhabitants. General Rosencrans and staff are quartered in close proximity to Wheeling. Several companies are stationed here awaiting for further orders to move. About thirty secession prisoners are kept in close confinement. I will now speak of the amusements. Our city for some time past afforded some rare inducements to managers. At length some of these inducements appeared in your sporting journal. The call was soon answered in the persons of Messrs. Edwards & Brownell, who opened at Washington Hall on the evening of Dec 24th. They have met with good success, thus far, ever since, during which time Messrs. Edwards & Brownell had leased the Athenæum, being more commodious. After being rejuvenated thoroughly, it was opened on January 11th, under the new title of Gayety Theatre, and although the night was very stormy, a full house crowned the efforts of the managers. It is intended to be made a permanent institution. The leading members of the company are Professor Kirbye and Master George Kirbye, Harry Blood, Signor Zanfretta, Rose La Forest and Julia Edwards.

A very serious accident occurred at the Gayety Theatre, Wheeling, Va., on the 11th inst., to Signor Alexandre Zanfretta, an Italian tight rope performer, formerly of the Ravel Troupe, and husband of the famed Anneta Galletti, danseuse, now in New York. The Signor had just concluded his terrific evolutions upon the rope, and, as was his usual custom, threw a back sommersault from the rope to the stage, but, alighting upon an uneven surface of the floor, he broke his left leg at the ankle. The Signor was immediately conveyed to his hotel, and medical aid procured. The managers and company have volunteered a benefit in order to defray the Signor's expenses, and also to convey him to his home in New York.

A correspondent, using the initial "F.," sends us the following points from Cairo, Ill., dated the 10th Jan.:—DEAR CLIPPER: Miss Marie Rainforth made her first appearance in this place at Defiance Theatre, on the 6th instant, to a large and fashionable audience. The play was the "Lady of Lyons," Miss Rainforth sustaining Pauline to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Selden Irwin, as Claude Melnotte, also pleased. The Col. Dumas of Mr. C. H. Tyler was well done. Mr. C. G. Fyffe, as Glavis, was all that could be wished. On Tuesday, "The Hunchback" was produced, Mr. T. S. Holland appearing as Master Walter to great advantage. Mrs. Florence Bell, as Helen, gave a very fair impersonation. "The French Spy" is in preparation, in which Mrs. Frank Graham assumes the part of Mathilde. Business continues good. To-day, the troops left for Columbus, and we may hourly expect to hear of a battle.

The present season at the New Metropolitan, Wilmington, Del., began on the 6th Jan., with a well-selected company. Miss Annie Rush, of Philad'a, Miss Nelly Taylor, Miss Emma Stanley, Mme. Clifford, Miss Nelly Clifford, Jake Budd and Dan Howard. Messrs. Elton & Clifford, in this enterprise, show themselves capable of maintaining at least one respectable place of amusement. Miss Nelly Clifford has just made her *debut* as a singer. Nelly is a very pretty girl, and her appearance on the stage is charming. Miss Annie Rush (now on a south western tour) sings with her usual expression of sentiment. It had been rumored pretty extensively among the Philadelphia performers, that Wilmington was not sound on the "Union goose." By appearances, on the first night, Miss Rush thought so too; but on the next, she sang "'Tis Freedom's Proud Ensign," and, it is said, it would have done any one's heart good to have seen the furore that it created; every verse was drowned in triumphant applause. Mme. Clifford is a lady of talent. Miss Smith showed signs of improvement in her dancing. The nigger business poor. Jake Budd is the redeeming feature in this department......The Union Concert Hall, with Bob Sheppard, Hugh Morton, and the Clare Sisters, is coming up.

Davis' Great American Panorama, dishing up the aborigines and the modern rebels, visited Allentown, Pa., on the 21st., intending to stay a few days.

Madame Anna Bishop, assisted by Edward Seguin, and suitable choruses, gave a concert at Washington Hall, Wheeling, Va., on the 17th Jan.

Edward J. Jordan, the outside "familias" of Signor Blitz, had a complimentary benefit at the Temple of Wonders, Philadelphia, on the 21st Jan.

Mr. A. W. Fenno and Manager Guest seem to have set aside their belligerent attitude, at any rate for the present. Mr. Fenno remains as stage-manager at the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

"The" Glass Blowers (which?) were at Chicago on the 11th Jan.

Charley Backus had a benefit at the Melodeon, San Francisco, on the 17th Dec.

The Metropolitan, Rochester, N. Y., seems to have a good run of business. W. H. Briggs had a benefit on the 15th Jan., and Miss Lida Bougult on the 16th. Among the company are John and Effie Ellsler, Rachel and Victoria Noah, J. W. Carroll, E. H. Cramer, J. F. Noyes, James Lewis, T. E. Mills, J. H. Hudson, J. Charles, etc., with Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. R. Cantor, and Miss Gough.

Pittsburgh realizes the saying that "where we see so much smoke there must be some fire." Irish (J. H.) Collins and Miss Ettie Henderson, with Manager Henderson himself, have all "got the town sure" in their characters among those of "The Colleen Bawn." Trimble's Varieties does the ditto with Donovan & Worland's Acrobats. The dramatic company at the latter house are also very successful. By the way, the benefit that Irish Collins had lately ended in something much better than smoke.

Theatrical affairs in Washington, Baltimore, &c., are dilated on as follows by our correspondent "Young Rapid," in a communication dated Philadelphia, January 17:—EDITOR CLIPPER—Having returned to this city for a few days, I send you the following budget of news from the theatrical world of Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. In your last issue you briefly mentioned the fact of a new theatre about being opened in Washington. I now send you the full particulars. The building was formerly the first Baptist church, situated on Tenth street, between E and F. The property was purchased by Mr. Lewis, of that city, and by him leased to John T. Ford, Esq. (the present lessee of the Holliday-Street Theatre, Baltimore), for a term of twenty years, at an annual rent of $1200. On the 15th of December, Mr. Ford took possession, and commenced the alterations. The property was extended back forty-five feet, and a wall put up sixty-eight feet in width and forty five in depth. This will be the size of the stage. While these walls were being put up, the old back wall of the church was allowed to remain standing, and the building leased for a short period to George Christy's minstrels. The work has progressed very rapidly, and next week the back wall will be taken down, and the alterations inside will be speedily made. The architect is Mr. James Gifford, the same gentleman that made the alterations in the Holliday-Street Theatre, and upon the same plan will the new theatre be built. The alterations will cost $14 000. There will be a parquet, dress circle, gallery, and four private boxes, in all capable of seating 1400 people. The theatre will be opened on or about the 22d of February. Mr. Brock, a very wealthy gentleman, is associated with Mr. Ford in this enterprise. The citizens of this city of magnificent distances have long needed a respectable place of amusement; for the one they now have is nothing more than a shed, and a disgrace to the city. As soon as the new theatre opens, the present apology for one will be turned into a lager-bier saloon. On Monday evening last I stopped in at Tom King's circus to see Dan Rice. The house was so crowded that it was impossible to get standing room. Business has been immense during Dan's engagement. Dan opens at the Bowery, New York, on the 20th. Doct. Jones, late business agent for Tom King, has been engaged as the avant courier of the Rice family. Senorita Isabella Cubas, the celebrated Spanish *danseuse* was announced to appear at the Washington Theatre on Monday last, but in consequence of a severe accident having befallen her during the last night of her engagement in Baltimore, she was unable to appear. This was a great disappointment to the public, as expectation to see her was great. Before noon on the day she was to appear, over one hundred dollars worth of seats were secured. When the doors opened in the evening there were over six hundred dollars worth of tickets sold, but a large number received their money back as soon as it was generally known that the *danseuse* did not appear. Three farces were substituted, and over three hundred and fifty dollars remained in the house. Senorita Cubas and the entire *corps de ballet* returned to this city to await the recovery of this fascinating daughter of Terpsichore. If recovered in time she will appear in Washington on the 27th. On the same evening (the 13th) the company of French Zouaves was announced to appear at Odd Fellows' Hall and give dramatic performances, but in consequence of the stage being too small, they were *non est inventus*. On Tuesday evening next, this company appear at the Academy of Music in this city, for one night only. The Grau Opera Company give three operatic performances at the Washington Theatre commencing on the 20th. Miss Chestney, the late *debutante* at the Washington Theatre, has been very sick for some time. As soon as she recovers she will play a one week's engagement at that theatre. John E. Owens, whose late engagement was highly successful, will play another engagement during February......At Baltimore business has been very fair. At the Front, John E. McDonough opened on Monday last as "Jack Cade" (by permission of Mr. Forrest) to a good house. During the week business has been very flattering. He has been ably supported by Miss Charlotte Thompson and Mr. Meldrum. Miss Ellie German, the soubrette actress of this house is one of the best in the country. On the 20th Miss Maggie Mitchell commences an engagement at this house. She will be followed by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams (so I am informed by Barney's agent). Thus it will be seen that Manager Kunkel is getting all the best "stars" to his house. He is a very deserving and hard working manager, and deserves the earnest support of the Baltimore public, for he has taken hold of two places of amusements that were in very bad repute, and by hard work placed them upon the summit of popularity. The Holliday Street Theatre has been doing a very poor business since the grand combination closed. Mr. Eddy was the next "star" and for the past two weeks business has been very poor. I was in on Wednesday night when he played the "Spirit Friend" and "Damon and Pythias" for an afterpiece. There was about seventy-five dollars in the house. He is engaged for next week. Miss Osborne is clever. Messrs. Bishop and Fawcett are very good in their respective lines, and great favorites with the public. Miss Olivia, a very handsome young lady, is the *danseuse*. She is very popular with the audience, and is one of the most graceful mistresses of terpsichore attached to any place of amusement......At the Museum, Kunkel's Nightingale Opera Troupe are doing a very good business indeed. I dropped in on Wednesday evening and the attendance was very large. Nelse Seymour and Harry Lehr (end men) are exceedingly funny. The singing of Joe Raynor and Kunkel is also fine......In Philadelphia business has been very good at the different theatres. Barney Williams and wife are drawing fair houses at the Walnut. On Thursday evening I went to see John Drew at the Arch. He is the same rollicking John as before. The house was filled to repletion. The present engagement at the Arch will be the only one he will play at present in this country, as he returns immediately to Dublin to ful[illegible] an engagement entered into. This is very much to be [illegible]gretted, as Mr. Drew could play a highly successful engagement on this side of the water......The Continental is eking out an existence. "Jack Sheppard," "Dick Turpin," and attempts at patriotic pieces, produced by only a mediocre company of artists, comprise the performances at this house. Rumor says that Mr. James Nixon will shortly open here with Zoyara and the Hanlons......The Italian Opera give one performance in this city on Saturday evening next, on their way to Washington. Mr. Edwin Adams, the popular actor, has withdrawn from the Walnut. He has done that which he will be sorry for as long as he lives. He was becoming a great favorite here, but he has cut off his own nose. The cause of his leaving is this. He was cast for Dan O'Carrolan, in Barney Williams' play of "Ireland as it Was," and refused to play it; hence his withdrawal. I am a warm admirer of Mr. Adams, but I think he has committed a very foolish act. The part belongs to and is played by all leading actors, and I have seen him play inferior parts to this. Mr. Adams has gone to Boston. At the conclusion of Dan Rice's engagement in New York, he goes to the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, with Tom King's Washington company. Mr. Forrest closed here on Monday last, on which occasion he took a farewell benefit. Everybody was excluded from the free list; even the press were not admitted; standing room was at a premium. I cannot let this opportunity pass without testifying to the gentlemanly house agent of the Academy, during the Forrest engagement. I refer to Mr. Thomas McArdle, of New York. He is a model of a door-keeper, and some of our ticket takers should take pattern by him. Gentlemanly and courteous to all, he has won the good opinion of all the *habitues* of this temple of amusement. Mr. Forrest and the Nixon Dramatic Company open at Brooklyn on Monday next.

Of theatrical matters in Cleveland, O., our correspondent Capt. Rock writes as follows under date of Jan. 16:—"ED. CLIPPER:—For the past week, amusements have been confined, in this city, to the Webb Sisters' Entertainments and the Varieties. The former has been doing a slim business, while the latter has had a decidedly upward tendency. The acquisition to the troupe at the Varieties of Miss Maggie Bowers, Miss Leonetta, Jim Flake, and Ed. De Haven, has told tales, and added materially to the finances of this institution. Miss Maggie Bowers is a star that would add lustre to any troupe east or west, and is deservedly a great favorite here. Flora Leonetta is also popular, being a very graceful and talented *danseuse*. Jim Flake and Ed. De Haven, in negro delineations, assisted by that son of Momus, Lew Benedict, never fail to bring roars of laughter from the audience. In fact, they draw like a poor man's plaster. I understand that Miss Maggie Bowers intends wending her way to New York city, when you will have an opportunity of judging as to her merits. There is nothing further of interest to communicate, except that a new lot of stars make their appearance in the Varieties on Monday next.

Thus prattleth a very agreeable lady, corresponding from Camp Defiance, Cairo, Ill., Jan. 10, 1862.—EDITOR CLIPPER—Upon reading your excellent journal I perceive you therein invite correspondents to contribute to the same, and although it is perhaps unusual for a lady to do so, I am sure you are gallant enough to accept my apologies when I tell you that scribbling and dotting down my thoughts in some measure moderates the *ennui* that afflicts one in this city of mud and soldiers. Well then, in the way of amusements, we have to choose between a ball now and then given by our officers at the St. Charles and the theatre, but as the life and soul of a ball depends upon the goodness of the music, and as the St. Charles musicians discourse anything but sweet sounds, one attendance made me sigh for New York and Dodworth. Neither did the theatre present any attraction for me, the drama of "Bull Run" on the contrary brought the sad reflection of a lost brother; but, when the bills announced Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," I felt sure of spending an agreeable evening, and I was not disappointed, I have rarely seen a more pleasing rendering of the part of Pauline than that of the *debutant* Miss Marie Rainforth. In the afterpiece of "The Captain's not a Miss," Florence Bell, as the assumed Captain Daring, rattled through the part with the ease and nonchalance of a Charles Mathews. On Tuesday I witnessed the play of "The Hunchback," Miss Rainforth, as Julia, fully sustained her former effort. The part of Helen was exquisitely acted by Florence Bell. She is certainly the most delightful legitimate actress I ever witnessed. I leave the gentlemen to be criticised by others, feeling sure some one will do justice to their merits. Among so much that is excellent there is one thing that tends to destroy the completeness of the whole, that is the orchestra, but music is at a very low ebb in Cairo. I was in hopes to have witnessed "Richard the Third" this evening, but the army has suddenly received marching orders and my weakness has thereby received a check. While I write "the blasts of war blow in our ears;" and, as a soldier's wife, I prefer following the drum to all sublunary things. I must for the present say adieu. BELLONA.

"The White Terror" a drama adapted from the New York *Ledger*, has been dramatised by Mr. Geo. L. Aiken. Judging from the popularity of the tale, we should think the drama would be likely to take. See advertisement in these columns.

Charles Shay, formerly of Cook's Royal Amphitheatre, and recently of Niblo's Garden, New York, opened out as Chinese juggler, necromancer, and knife-thrower, at the Gayety Music Hall, Albany, on the 20th. Does that knife go back after it has been opened out?

The Pittsburghers must lose Ettie Henderson this week, as she goes to Columbus, Ohio. However, Manager Henderson is an inexhaustible man for novelties on the bills.

Herrmann's proposed exhibition at the Music Hall, Boston, intended for the 17th, was postponed.

Miss Dora Shaw succeeded Irish Collins at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 20th.

Sharp's portrait of Kate Reignolds, now on exhibition at Williams & Everett's store in Boston, seems to have created something of a stir among people who "never go to a theatre"—oh no—but they may just "go one eye" on (the portrait of) a pretty woman. Well, Kate is all that.

That National (Theatre) Concert Hall in Boston seems to be under the full career of an interesting experiment. The Seven Star Sisters, the Wallace Brothers, and the company generally, are doing all that performers can do; but, more vigor and liberality are required in the management—or at least would do the experiment no harm. Mr. Carter's Zouave Star Troupe are open for engagements after their time is up at this house. The Wallace Brothers do up the Zampill. biz. in the style of the Hanlons. The bills afforded are very good. "The Three Contrabands, from Richmond, via New York," is the next novelty, and an English harlequinade in the style of Ducrow, at Astley's, is also in preparation. An opinion prevails that if some dashing go ahead Broadway man had the opportunity, he could make this place as popular as a concert hall as it formerly was as a theatre. Wherever the Seven Star Sisters go, they seem to be great on the Zouave drill.

Heinrich Marschner, well known as a musical composer, but recently as chief conductor of the Royal Opera at Hanover, died at that city in December last.

"Ondine" has been produced in "onusual" good style at the Gayety Music Hall, Albany, N. Y. Miss Nellie Howard is the Ondine. Then, imagine Charley Lewis as First Demon! This is like putting Burton or Warren on as First Witch in "Macbeth." On dit, that "Ondine" draws well, and "the nymphs of the Rhine" dine bravely. On the 20th, a burlesque on "Mazeppa" was introduced, by way of a "take off" from Capt. Smith's in Green street, where Adah Isaacs Menken is doing the real thing, with a live mare, etc. The more burlesques the better, and, (between us and the public), "Mazeppa" can carry a good burlesque or two. As for Adah, we presume that she can "stand the press" or gallop gayly away, as she pleases. He would be a bold man who should try to "take off" Adah when once on the back of that mare. He might get "strapped" himself.

Under date of St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 15th, our correspondent "Seneca" advises us as follows:—FRANK QUEEN—With cold near zero, our places of amusement are still doing a good business, and J. Wilkes Booth has so far played one of the best engagements of the season. He has reason to be satisfied with his first visit to St. Louis, which we hope may be the precursor of many more. He is followed on the 20th inst. by Miss Kimberly... At the Varieties Music Hall, business is steadily good, and the performance as steadily excellent. The ballet troupe consists, of "twenty beautiful (?) young ladies," under the lead and training of Miss Julia Hamilton. Miss Clara Butler, vocalist, has shown the patrons of the Varieties her capabilities as a dancer, as well as singer, and proves her capabilities in both, "Mr. Watkins was persuaded, &c." Corcoran, (Johnny) for a few days absent from the company, attending to government business, has returned, and is now as ever, an excellent performer and useful man......At the Melodeon, La Belle Oceana, and the Motley Brothers—John and Pete Conklin—are still the chief attraction. The learned dog, Napoleon, draws well too; and the house is doing a good business......Johnny Boyce is the strong card at the Bowery, although Esher has returned from the East with three "new stars," Miss Lizzie Davis, Miss Fanny Gilmore, and Miss Cora Lee, who are very extensively placarded about town......In the way of concerts, nothing new is on the tapis, except some local affairs for benevolent purposes. Several minstrel bands have been expected, but, from some cause all have failed to come, although St. Louis affords a fine opening for some really good band to make money.

John Drew made his first appearance, since his return from Australia, on the 13th inst., at his wife's theatre, the Arch, Philadelphia. The house was packed, and the reception extended to Mr. Drew was of the most earnest and heartfelt character. It was an ovation. He has drawn crowded houses during the week, and on his benefit night, the 17th, hundreds were turned away. He was called out, and made a few remarks, thanking the people of Philadelphia for the welcome they had given him, and also for the kindness they had manifested, during his absence, toward his wife, "who, *I think*," said he, "is the best woman in the world." The applause that followed gave evidence of the estimation in which Mrs. D. is held by the public of the Quaker City.

At the Morrisania, N. Y., Athenæum, on the 16th inst., Messrs. Albinus, Kelly and Maddox of the Murdoch Dramatic Association, appeared in "The Lady of Lyons." A Mrs. Greener appeared as Pauline.

Frank Pastor, equestrian, brother to Tony Paster, is performing with great success at the Cirque Napoleon, Paris. William Pastor, is performing at Lisbon, Portugal.

We have the following summary of busines in California, in a letter from "E. M.," dated San Francisco, Dec. 12, 1861.—DEAR CLIPPER: I see by your paper that "S. C." has thought proper to contradict my statements as regards the Metropolitan Theatre; but all I can say is, that I keep as nigh the truth as possible, and what is more, I generally send paragraphs from the city papers, so that you can judge for yourself.... At the Metropolitan, Woman's Witcheries was given for the fourth time on Monday, and would doubtless have drawn a better house for the benefit of the author, Mr. M. M. Noah, had not the weather proved so unauspicious. Janet Pride was produced on the 4th, and was well performed, although not to a very full house—Miss Gougenheim as the [illegible]roine, Mr. Dillon as the convict father. This [illegible] on the last, Mr. Maz[illegible] [illegible]r Sacra-[illegible] Moun-[illegible]

Alicia Manderville has also left, and gone with Maguire. Miss Annie Coggswell, after lying still for several months, commenced at this house last evening......At Maguire's Opera House, Charles Wheatleigh commenced his farewell engagement on Monday last. He opened in Grimalda, in Bourcicault's Life of an Actress; Miss Sophia Edwin as Violet. The Octoroon was next. Great Expectations was produced with the following cast: Abel Magwich, Wheatleigh; Compeyson, Grosvenor; Gargery, J. B. Booth; Pip, Sophia Edwin; Pumblechook, Leman; Jagger, Wanks; Herbert, Clifton; Wamwick, Bang; Orlick, Waldron; Miss Haversham, Julia Dean Hayne; Estella, Mrs. Perry; Mrs. Gargery, Mrs. Woodward; Mrs. Magwitch, Jennie Manderville; &c. This adaptation of Dickens' great work is from the hands of T. E. Mills, of your city, but the version was not as good as was expected. Maguire promises the public an entirely new one shortly......Mrs Leighton, and Messrs. Wheatleyh and O Neil appeared Saturday for the last time, as to-morrow they start for Marysville, for Maguire. Yankee Locke and wife opened last night to a smashing house, and a wet night at that; they were received with favor. The Angel of Death is underlined, also. The Lovers of a Wife, (a new piece from London, by John Wigan.) Charles Pope and wife are under engagement for Maguire's Opera House......C. R. Thorne and wife, and C. R. Thorne, Jr., Dillon and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hamilton, and Caroline Chaupman, No. 1, are at Sacramento, but owing to the flood can do nothing......James Starke and troupe are doing well in Carson and Virginia cities, Washoe......McKean Buchanan and daughter are around in the mining towns......The Melodeons are all doing well. At Gilbert's, Frank Converse, Charley Backus, Joe Murphy and company are doing an immense business......The Mar[illegible] play weekly (Sunday) at Hays's Park to from 5,000 to 10,000 persons.

Adah Isaacs Menken is now in her second week at Capt. Smith's Hotel, Green street, Albany, where "Mazeppa" continues to attract audiences that would continually increase if the walls could stand any more "pressure." Five dollars was offered as a premium for a seat or a standee, on the very first night. Adah seems to verify the signification of her beautiful name—in the original Hebrew—"an assemblage." When personating some comedy character, we often think of the original signification of Isaac—"laughter." As for the Menken part we say nothing, as we believe that is somewhat liable to change. Whatever name Adah may carry, she carries the public favor wherever she goes.

Professor Rarey continues to subdue our republican sovereigns as well as the sovereigns ($4 84) in Europe. He was at Smith & Nixon's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 17th and 18th. Wincnell and Rarey run about neck and neck.

There is no truth in the rumor that the performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music are to be opened with prayer.

Our correspondents have informed us of the death of Thomas Kilner on the 2d instant, aged eighty five years and thirteen days, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. E. R. Squib, near Wilmington, Dearborn county, Ind. Our associates speak of him as one of the noblest specimens of the old school. He was born at Cartmel Fells, Westmoreland, England, on the 20th Dec., 1776. He emigrated to the United States in 1818, and resided either in New York or Boston until 1828, when he removed to Oyster Bay, Long Island, where he resided until May, 1839, and then retired to Dearborn county, Ind., having purchased a farm in Hogan township. A residence there of twenty three years gained him a large circle of warm friends, by whom he was held in the highest respect as well as admiration. Glorious "Old Tom Kilner," introducer of (and afterwards partner with) Henry J. Finn! How Dowtonian was old Tom's humor! How rich and pure his powers of expression! How unpretending his general excellence! How truly heroic his retiring modesty! Alas, "poor Tom's a-cold!" Beloved by all who knew him, all mankind might well deplore his loss while we submit to the course of nature.

By one of those freaks of Zampillaerostation, peculiar to the mysteries of a printing office, our mention of the movements of the Hanlons last week must have taken wings and flown away somewhere—perhaps inspired by the subject. ¿Quien sabe? We ask "who knows?" in Spanish style, with a note of interrogation before as well as after, because the flying William threatens flying away to Havana very soon. Of course the Hanlons will pass through New York, but whether the public at large may have an opportunity of "sighting" William on the wing, we are not at present authorized to state. Certain it is that their engagement in Boston has been highly successful to themselves, profitable to Messrs. Goodwin & Wilder's Equestrian Troupe, and highly honorable to all concerned, yea, even unto the Boston Academy of Music. George Hanlon is evidently around. "The Cataract of the Ganges" gave an avalanche of good business last week, and the only question is how long the Bostonians may hold on to the Hanlon party before scupping them off this way *en route* to Havana.

After Edward Everett gives his lecture at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 21st, the Peak Family ring in the changes, and we hope that they may ring in more chage than they did while at Niblo's Saloon in New York.

That Gayety Music Hall, Albany, N. Y., seems to be a rising institution. Stars, and those who may not rank as stars, should address Harry Howard, in that city. Put in, boys and girls.

"S. T." thus writes from Louisville, Ky., on the 15th Jan:—DEAR CLIPPER:—Our principal theatre is now in the full tide of success. During holiday week the management dispensed with stars, except those permanently attached. The inevitable show piece of the "Forty Thieves" was produced with that taste which has always characterized this establishment. The dresses, properties, etc., were all new, and Jim West's scenery looked as fresh as if painted for the occasion. Great praise is due Mrs. Lorton and Capt. Fuller, for their energy and liberality shown in the production of this piece. They have passed through the storm, and are now reaping the reward of their merits. Mrs. L. has paid a large portion of the debts incurred last season; although, if so disposed, all of them could have been evaded. I wish a special note made in this instance. ......Miss Dora Shaw commenced for six nights on the 6th. Miss S. opened in her favorite part of Camille. "Biz" during the week has been excellent. Mr. Charles Bass has possession this week, and made his bow, for the first time in twelve years, in his great character of Sir John Falstaff, in "King Henry the Fourth." It is truly refreshing, in these degenerate times, to meet with one of the real old legitimate actors who have something to recommend them besides wardrobe and flaming posters. Mr. B. was well supported by Mr. Macauley, as Hotspur; Krone as Prince Hal; Dawson as Francis; and Mrs. Laus as Dame Quickly......The management have been very fortunate in obtaining a Miss Constantin, *danseuse*, who combines talent and beauty. As far as the latter is concerned, the lady stands pre-eminent......Reinforcements are continually joining the company. Old Bob Grierson is the latest arrival, Manager Guest having been able to spare him. The city was extensively billed last week, announcing the forthcoming of the Female Zouaves at Mozart Hall, but as yet they have not arrived. This is the second time that they have failed to appear at the same hall. Everything was in readiness, even to adjusting that windsail, (and I was going to say cleaning the hall) complimentaries, &c. The dead heads were very indignant at such treatment, and I much doubt if they will countenance anything for the future with the name of Zouaves......Madame Bishop recently gave two concerts at Masonic Temple, and although the elements prevented a full attendance, the entertainment gave satisfaction. Madame B. was most ably assisted by Mr. Seguin and Gustave De Spies. Our old Panopticon friend, La Rue, is agent for the party. Mr. Bauer has retired from Mozart Hall, and in future will devote his whole time to musical matters, of which he is an able exponent. Meantime, Masonic Temple has full sway. The following is a correct list of the company now at the Louisville Theatre:—B. Macauley, leading man; J. M. Dawson, comedian and stage manager; Welsh Edwards, old man; C. Krone, heavy man; R. C. Grierson, old man; Whyte, 2d comedian; Wildman, walking gentleman; Durand, Smith, Erskine, Stubbins, Quilligan, etc., utility. Mrs. Welsh Edwards, leading woman; Mrs. Laus, old woman; Mrs. Lorton, old woman; Miss Schenck, walking lady; Miss Novarre, singing soubrette, &c.; Miss Constantin, danseuse and 2d chambermaid; Misses Endress, Brown, McLellan, etc. Leader of orchestra, Anton Zoeller; prompter, Ben Duffield; treasurer, Tom Carey. Domino actors, none.

G. W. Kirbye and son, with their large and varied company, are recuperating for big biz at Wheeling, Va.

Manager Deagle is on the full tide of success at St. Louis, in the Varieties Music Hall.

J. Heneage Carter, of the Zouave Star Troupe, receives applications for their services at Hartford, Conn., where they are performing this week.

The Grau Opera Troupe did not perform at Philadelphia on the 18th, as was expected, the 2 P. M. train having been run into and detained. Several passengers were severely hurt, but none of the professionals.

Miss Kate Partington commenced an engagement at Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit, on the 13th inst. Miss Jennie Engle and Lizzie Walby are also among the attractions there.

Don Santiago Gibbonoise, the boneless man, is contortionizing at Melodeon Music Hall, Baltimore, Md.

Herrmann not stopping at Boston is accounted for by the fact that he zampillaerostated past the Hanlons and went to Portland.

The military occupants at present at Upton Hill, Va., have "converted" a large barn into a good theatre.

The Bowery Theatre and Concert Hall, St. Louis, seems to be on the rise in that city, under the management of J. E. Esher and James Riley.

The Campbells, said to have twenty star performers, opened at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 21st Jan.

The Melodeon, Philadelphia, is in full career with that "strong team" recently "imported" from New York.

That Alhambra in Philadelphia is well "axing its way" with a new pantomime, called "The Golden Axe."

Duverney, the contortionist, is one of the latest additions to the usual variety of attractions at the Olympic Music Hall, Philadelphia.

Our European advices have to be unavoidably condensed this week. Suffice it to know that the British stage seems greatly Americanized of late. In London, Mrs. D. P. Bowers is at the Lyceum; Mrs. Conway is at Sadler's Wells; Avonia Jones is at Drury Lane; Sothern is "outwageously widiculous" at the Haymarket, as Lord Dundreary, and Geo. Jordan is sure not to be very far off; Miss Jane Coombs has been successful at the Haymarket; while the provinces are full of American performers or (said to be) American companies, show or dramatic. Such are the facts......As for the minstrel business, West and Farrenberg are continually sought after. The Ohio Melodists give an entertainment at two separate places in London, every business night. The Original Christy's are at Dublin. Templeton's Africans, with D. S. Wambold, are at Glasgow.....The concert halls, at the "Heast Hend" of London are "hall" doing well.... At Mr. Weston's Music Hall, Holborn, there was a bottle of champagne on every small table in front, on New Year's Night....G. V. Brooke has turned up in Belfast; and, of course, got into a row, first thing. Barry Sullivan succeeds him....Mr. Tanner, the Pantaloon at Drury Lane, had been injured by a pistol, accidentally misdirected by Mr. Hulme, the clown......Md'le. Titiens had waked up the operatic people in Liverpool......Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul performed [illegible] the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on New Year's Night,

TO JAMES H. HART.

RELEASED UNION VOLUNTEER PRISONER AT RICHMOND.

BY GEORGE RUHL.

Welcome! brave soldier of a sacred cause!
 Welcome to arms of kindred and of friend!
Thy long-lamented absence gained applause;
 Thy errand was—thy country to defend.

Though suff'ring was thy lot in treason's toils;
 Though rebel cells encompassed thee about;
Thy heart, dear friend, from selfishness recoils;
 Thy deeds are answer'd by the nation's shout.

In anxious fears, thy sisters wept for thee,
 And friends, in drooping sorrow, did deplore
The fate of one who fought for Liberty—
 For we were told that now thou art no more.

When our country's glorious banner waves
 For law's enforcement and for rights divine,
A gallant son a share in danger craves—
 The patriot's—the soldier's wreath is thine.

How often have I miss'd thy noble form
 In friendly intercourse and social glee,
And wish'd me at thy side in battle's storm,
 To deal a blow for freedom, HART, and thee.

Then, welcome home! thou noble son of Mars!
 Thou hast responded to thy country's call;
Thy duty bids thee fight for Stripes and Stars,
 And strike a deadly blow for treason's fall.

SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THREE.

CONTINUED.

INTERVIEW WITH TOM SAYERS, AND HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

It was with no small pleasure that I accepted the *Sporting Life's* kind offer to make me acquainted with the "little wonder," and I presented myself in the Editor's Room on the minute, by Mr. Feist's Chronographic Bensonian time-piece, a magnificent piece of mechanism of $300 value. There was plenty of time, however, and producing some choice cigars, we had a chat about the rival cities, New York and London. Mr. Feist inquired if I liked the place any better, and mentioned the opinion of Mr. J. Montgomery on the subject; "Old Veteran" (as he signed his letters from St. Louis to the CLIPPER) thought it the d—est place he'd ever been into. "Why," said Jack, "if a man wants to go anywhere in London, he's got to start before breakfast to get there by night, the place is so infernal big, and the theatres, parks, and other cribs are so far away from each other!" "Then there's your streets, which nobody can understand. The day I went to see Alec Keene I asked the first M.P. the road to Moor street, and he told me to go up three streets, take four turnings to the right, up Fiddler's Alley, and then inquire again. With a curse I felt my way about till I met another copper, and he was worse than the first; so by asking of every kid on the road I reached Moor street at last, and congratulated myself on knowing the place a little better; but, holy sailor! (you remember what an exemplary Christian Jack was) I learned I was farther off than ever, for Keene's place is Moor street, Soho, and there was I miles away, through the shystering way here of fixing the streets. What in — do they want to have a dozen streets the same name for, I'd like to know; if they were hard up for names, why didn't they send over to us—we'd have fixed things a little more decent, any how." This, though strong language, is quite appropriate. for in the way of streets, of which there are over three thousand, London is a nuisanse to a stranger. My opinion was similar to Montgomery's, both in regard to living and navigation—the first full double, unless some friend sets you in the right locality, and the second a terrible bore until acquainted; many hundreds born and bred in London have no idea where to find certain streets, without consulting a map of the city, and it is no drawback on a man's sagacity if he never understands it. Just think of a city under sovereign rule for 800 years, covering 78,029 acres, or 120 square miles, with near 4 000 streets, alleys, lanes, walks, courts, etc., not a dozen of which reach much over a mile, and near every new block commencing with a new name—then be thankful New York was never laid out in such a mazy way as London. There are 18 King streets, 14 High streets, 14 John streets, 13 Church streets, 10 Union streets, independent of roads, lanes, groves, crescents, and the like; in fact, near every street occurs more than twice in different localities. The perplexity may be easily imagined in trying to find some one in any of the above streets without the name of the street it branches from at hand. No wonder I praised New York after being in London a day or two. The numbering is also queer, commencing one side, continuing regular until its termination, when the other side takes up the last number and carries it along until opposite where the street commences, making number 250 opposite number 1, 249 opposite number 2, etc, completely bewildering to all but cockneys and postmen. How much better to have even numbers one side and odd ones the other; then there would be no necessity of traversing up and down, vainly striving to comprehend these old country wrinkles. If they would only paint the names on street lamps, it would be some relief, but here another objection presents itself—the lamps don't reach the sidewalk; they jut out from over store windows and street corners to facilitate driving, for the broken lamp post expenses would be enormous were it otherwise. What an excitement some of our fire-laddies would create in running pell-mell through the Strand, I thought to myself, wondering whether they could command the right of way as in Broadway. The fire-engines are old-fashioned tubs, drawn by horses, and the men, who simply wear a helmet and leggings, are paid similar to the police; there's none of your silver-mounted carriages, steamers, trucks, hydrant companies, or insurance patrol; the fire-escapes, however, are attached to each engine-house, and answer well, although many prefer ordinary locomotion to this mode of descending. These and many other things were talked about until Mr. H. A. Reed pronounced himself ready for the journey to see Sir Thomas de Sayers.

On the way to Fenchurch street station, Harry said he held a belt as half-mile champion for defeating Seward, which was the quickest half-mile on record; such being the case, it didn't take long to reach the station, although my pace was forced, and I was in distress on reaching the post; I have since thought the champion was trying whether I was a "good 'un to go" or not. He also showed me one of Crawley's colors when he fought Jem Ward, twenty-five years ago, presented by Peter himself; it is a real curiosity, and highly prized by its owner. While waiting at the depot, Harry gave the office to one of the railway guards that a "special" would be wanted for Newton and Morris' mill on the following Monday. All being ready, we popped in the carriage with Mr. Everis, treasurer of the Carlton Cricket Club, whom Harry knew, and a healthy conversation about the game took place, in which the reporter proved very eloquent; he is considered "some" himself at cricket, having won several single wicket games with good players. When Mr. Everts got out at Hackney Wick, where Harry Reed resides, other acquaintances were saluted at every stopping places till our journey was ended. This railroad is about the best thing in all London, as it makes a complete circuit of the outskirts of London every few minutes, at the moderate charge of sixpence, with a return ticket, and enables thousands to live away from the smoke and dirt of the great city. Chalk Farm is about half an hour's ride, and the time seemed nothing when the guard gave out "Chalk Farm! Chalk Farm!" and out we passed, up a flight of steps, along a narrow road, until the tent appeared in sight. On the way, Joe Phelps, who fought Alec Keene, tipped his beaver to Harry—ditto Harry to Joe. Mr. Phelps is more like Christopher Burns, Esq., than any one I know of, with a goatee for all the world like Kit's imperial. Outside the tent were the usual quantity of outsiders, waiting to see Sayers without the wherewithal to go inside. As we entered, Rose Madigan was leaping through paper circles, and Young Myers followed with his feats of bare-back riding. Then came the veritable Tom Sayers himself, attired in a black suit, big riding boots, an immense fob chain, and the medals presented him after his last battle. Jim Myers introduced him and related his history, but all that is too familiar for me to repeat. Afterwards came Jim's two performing mules, which nobody can ride except himself; three youngsters tried it unsuccessfully, although one would have kept on if Muley hadn't have laid down and rolled over him! The performance ended with a set-to between Tom Sayers and Jack Brooks, of Birmingham, in costume. This Brooks is a well-built man, rather taller than Tom Sayers, has an intelligent, open countenance, regular features, and sports a fine moustache; thus far success has attended his career, and he is at present travelling with the show, performing other feats in addition to the sparring. Of the wonderful Tom, likenesses and descriptions are so common that it would ill become me to add more on that head; still, I must mention that he is growing out of "form," and is daily increasing in weight; society and its fashions are telling on his general appearance, and to my eye he had an unpleasant fullness about the lower fascial region and mouth. He wears the hair *a la* Old Napoleon, a strip lying over the forehead, and apparently separated on both sides; his hair is jet black, and face closely shaved, but by the appearance, a very strong beard might soon be cultivated; this gives him a very dark expression, totally different from the general run of his portraits. They sparred for half a dozen rounds, Tom giving his head continually to get home on Brooks, at the same time doing a little brilliant stopping when he liked. Of course, the excitement could have been nothing compared to Heenan's sets-to with him; still, as a bit of fun, all were pleased; when Tom *does* laugh, there is no mistake about it. He wore a massive silver belt about his loins, and their sham fight was interspersed with some of Myers' eccentricities, one of which Tom nipped in the bud by giving him "one for his nob," thus counter acting Jim's budget for the time. Tom has since learned to ride, standing upon the horse's padded back, and is now a regular equestrian artist. The show, which is a combination of Howes & Cushing's and Jim Myer's Circus, called Tom Sayers Champion Circus; was very fairly attended by the residents, and would probably fill up better in the evening; what little I saw was very good indeed. Mr. John Roberts, the "great billiard," occupied a private box, it was afterwards stated, but I didn't see him. Mr. Reed gratified my curiosity by a personal introduction to England's ex-Champion, and we exchanged compliments; the "outside pressure" was so grea[illegible] however, that Tom was glad to escape into the hotel to give the[illegible] the trouble of dropping in at night with the extra privile[illegible] paying, for which I award him due credit. On another oc[illegible] I had a long talk with Sayers, the account of which will be given according to date; you will all perceive the necessity of this from the diary form I have thus far adopted. At the hotel mirth and sociability reigned; Jim Myers, Herman Mantle, Harry Sydney, and Mr. Burnham were presented in succession, with many others whose names *will* not come into my head, try all I can. As Harry Reed purposed staying until evening, Mr. Flynn offered the use of his Hansom to convey me to the station—it proved very acceptable, and after wishing all a hearty good bye I rode back to the city by rail, well satisfied with the manner in which the day had been spent. In time the *cafe* was hunted up, supper eaten, and ruminating over a pint of stout, together with cigars, the fact seemed to get more and more plain that I really was in London instead of New York city.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LONDON; MORE "WRINKLES" BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

After breakfast on the 13th of October, the first thing in my mind was to see Spurgeon, if possible; it was not to be, though, as I had no idea where he held forth until 11 o'clock, when it would be too late for church; I therefore took a walk along Gracechurch street, Bishopsgate street, and Shoreditch, hailed on every side by bootblacks, peddlers, newsmen, and beggars, to whom necessity knows no Sunday. The 'busses were full inside and out, with females perched up by the drivers, and homeless boys turned "coach-wheels," hand over-hand, for the travellers amusement as wall as to pick up a few ha'pennies for themselves. The dagurreotype shops were in full blast, with monster paintings of Spurgeon, Blondin, the Queen, and other idols of the day; outside they all had a "shark," similar to Chatham street shops, a nuisance that wouldn't be tolerated for a day with New York boys. Citizen or stranger, if you stop to look at some hybrid more conspicuous than the others, these guttersnipes thrust a half dozen under your nose, with all manner of remarks, trying to get a customer in their dens to have his likeness taken; or even in going straight forward, they will step in front and go through their annoying performance. It used to aggravate me worse than anything else the first few days, but after getting their faces, I often stopped for half an hour at a time gazing with open mouth at their outside show, and listening with great attention to their rigmarole—then bidding them a very good morning till the morrow; after a while, in Shoreditch, I could pass without a word from any of them. What would New Yorkers think if every ambrotypist in Broadway or the Bowery were to adopt this method of business? I, for one, shouldn't like to perform the blowing part for a trifle. With the exception of Regent street, all the other photograph establishments have a talking showman, whose style resembles an invitation to a sixpenny show. Everybody is dressed up to their own style, with twenty kinds of head gear, hats of all shapes, with caps, skull caps, turbans, billycocks, silk caps, caps with straight and crooked peaks, and many peakless altogether—anything, no matter how eccentric, is worn on the head; the only uniformity is a short pipe, which may be seen in many a man's mouth whose exterior would lead to different conclusions; cigars command exhorbitant prices, and sell at so much a pound instead of by the box or hundred, hence the popularity of a pipe both in and out of doors. Another peculiarity is the number of small fancy dogs carried about by thick-necked beefeaters; this class all have some kind of a poodle in arms just as old maids do with you, only instead of the nondescript woolly specimen, they have terriers, black-and-tans, etc., all real beauties. It appears to be a mania for a mechanic to own a fancy dog of some kind, as it denotes their sportsmanship in the eyes of many.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER

BETWEEN

A MAN AND A BEAR.

All night long my teeth had ached with a perfect vengeance. They had the odds against nerves and sleep, and one deep set old molar "came to time" just as I flung myself on the bed. Visions of a night's repose were banished, three decayed incisors sprang to their accursed work, and at it they went; the old molar—conquerer of many a tough steak, bore on with the power of his might, and ached away with a brain-racking pain. The three incisors, not to be outdone by their ponderous friend, throbbed, jumped, bounded, and succeeded in producing the most intense pain on record.

Morning brought no relief, and it so happened that I was obliged to go to a distant city on important business. There was no such thing as putting off my proposed journey till a more convenient season—'twas "Hobson's choice," so I made the best of my way to the railroad station, which was a small, weather beaten building, resting on piles level with the track on one side while on the other *terra firma* was some fifteen feet below, and was reached by a shaky flight of stairs. A cheerless place it was, truly, for a person to enter—and then, to make the matter worse, there was a notice upon the door by which I learned that there was a "change in arrangements," and that the train which I wished to take would not be due within an hour and a half. At a loss how to spend that time, I walked about the room, solitary and alone, reading the autographs, etc., written upon the wall. After five long minutes had passed away, which seemed an hour, I heard the footstep of a person on the platform without, and then the door opened and he entered.

"No fire, as usual," he growled; "I'll make one."

"Where will you get your material?" I inquired, dolefully.

"Just tear those bills off the walls."

I hesitated, but he did not; seizing one of the chairs, he wrenched the legs and rounds apart, planted his feet upon the seat board, smashing it into fragments, while I tore the bills from the walls, and placed them in the stove. The stranger piled on the portions of the chair, applied the match, and in a few seconds we had a rousing fire.

After seating himself on one side of the stove, while I took possession of the other, he inquired the cause of my swollen face. I explained, and remarked that cold steel was undoubtedly *the* remedy.

"I had three teeth taken out rather curiously once," said the stranger, raising his bearded lip, showing the vacancy occasioned thereby. "And as we've got to wait for the cars quite a while yet, for, like yourself, I was unaware of the change of time, I'll tell you the story; but before I do, I'll prepare a little fuel." So saying, he confiscated the two remaining unoccupied chairs, and placed the fragments at his feet, ready for use; then seating himself once again, he commenced his story:—

"When I was a young man of twenty-two, my father emigrated to the far West—we arrived there in the fall—and from that time until the middle of the winter, I had a continued unrelenting toothache, and if the front teeth which caused the pain had not been removed, they might have ached to this day, for aught I know. I became so nervous and cross that I was perfectly unbearable to myself and friends.

"One day, scarce knowing how to pass away the long, dreary hours, I shouldered my rifle and entered the woods. For an hour or more I walked listlessly about, the pain from my teeth occupying my attention. When I discovered the distance that I had travelled, I wished myself back home again, and regretted my folly, thinking that I might have been more comfortable by the fireside.

"I turned to retrace my steps, when I heard a low growl close at hand. Looking about me, I soon discovered the form of an almost famished she bear. My pain was forgotten in a moment. I raised my rifle and fired; the animal fell, and in my folly I rushed forward. When within a few feet of the bear, she rose upon her haunches, and turned her blazing eyes full upon me; her mouth was opened wide, her tongue protruding, and the froth and blood streaming therefrom.

"I'll take you down from that, thought I, as I raised the butt of my rifle high above my head, and struck at the bear; but she parried the blow very neatly with her dexter paw, and sent my rifle flying from my grasp beyond my reach.

"I was a little taken aback at this specimen of skill; my fist was clenched, and I struck at Mrs. Bruin. She succeeded in clawing off my cap, and drew her long nails through my hair, making a not very agreeable comb. My blow took effect on her snout, staggering her a little. She gathered herself and stretched out her paws ready to give me a hug in case I came near enough; but I was on my guard. Boxing was a favorite amusement of mine, and smart was the man who could get the best of me. Of all the antagonists I have ever met, Mrs. Bruin was the most scientific. I was in a pretty predicament. I trie[illegible] was the fleetest, and when I [illegible]ame mor[illegible] pretty lively to elude her grasp. I watched my chance, and when next she sprang, I planted my foot against her stomach and sent her reeling over. My foot caught in the underbrush, and I fell with her. We were both up at once; I struck her under the ear, and she brought her paw upon my mouth with such force that I fell headlong. I felt the uprooted teeth in my mouth, and spat them out; the blood was streaming from my nose and mouth in a small torrent; I felt the hot breath of the bear upon my face; a fierce growl of triumph, and she tore the clothes from my back, taking a fair share of skin along with them. That was an agonizing moment for me; I gathered all my strength and attempted to arise, but I was not allowed to gain my feet, for the fierce beast felled me to the ground again as often as I tried it.

"Well, Mr., I thought my time had come. The blood was streaming from my wounds; the bear had one paw on my breast, which prevented me from arising. The burning eyes were looking into mine; the bear struck me on the temple; I heard the report of a rifle, and then I was lost to all around me.

"When I recovered, an old hunter named Bill Harris stood over me—the bear lay stiff and dead a little ways off—and he said:—

"'Me and Jim Kirk has been huntin' arter this bar fur a long while; she ar beout starved, an' I knew she'd fout like all natur, an' if I hadn't cum along jest in the nick of time, she'd a fixed you. You see I seed how matters stud, an' so I bored inter her—tuk her right in the heart—she drapped.'

"That's the way I became minus three teeth."

SHARP BETTING.—The betting mania in California, which has prevailed for a long time past among the friends of the respective rival steamers on the Sacramento route, is getting at a low ebb, and requires considerable financiering of rather a questionable phase in order to keep it going, judging from the following specimens. One of these betting men coming down on the Chrysopolis one night recently, offered a considerable wager that the Nevada would not pass the Chrysopolis that night, and the bet was immediately taken up by a person present, and the money deposited in the hands of a stakeholder. The result was that the Chrysopolis came into her berth at Broadway wharf, San Francisco, ahead of the Nevada, but the latter boat, in getting into Pacific wharf, had to pass the Chrysopolis, and hence the stakes were given to the one who bet that the Nevada would pass the Chrysopolis that night. The loser did not appear to relish this sort of sharp practice, and on the return of the parties to Sacramento, where they all belonged, he instituted a suit for the recovery of the money he put up, with what result has not yet transpired. On a later evening, an anxious individual entered a saloon near the water front, and offered a bet of a quarter eagle that no one present could name the first boat that would pass Vallejo wharf down from Sacramento that night. A person present offered to bet a "cool hundred" on the terms proposed, which was declined for the want of sufficient funds. He, however, got an offer of "twenty to ten" upon his terms, which he took. After the money was duly deposited, eagle better asked him of the double eagle to name the boat. "Oh," said the latter quite coolly, "don't be in a hurry—wait till the boats pass the wharf, and then I will tell you the name of the boat that passed first." The taken-in and done-for gent stood a hearty laugh at his expense, but got even by saying that he supposed he was betting with gentlemen. This, however, did not recover his eagle for him, as the taker of it watched for the boats and named the Chrysopolis *after* she had passed the wharf ahead of her opponent.

THE DOG AND THE SHILLING.—A gentleman who had a splendid Newfoundland dog was riding with a friend one day, when the dog became the subject of conversation. Having praised the qualities of his favorite very highly, the owner assured his companion that Nero would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this, a marked shilling was first shown to the dog, and then put under a large square stone by the side of the road. The gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received the signal from his master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, the gentlemen rode on, and reached home; but, to their great surprise, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the stone under which the shilling was placed, but it being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place till two gentlemen, on horseback, hearing the noise made by the dog stopped to look at him, when one of them, alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time thinking it was the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained quietly in the room where they supped, followed the maid into the bed chamber, and hid himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his breeches upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took the breeches in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning with his prize, in the pocket of which were found, besides the shilling, a watch and money, which upon being advertised, were returned to the owner; when the whole mystery was explained, to the admiration of all parties.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—As pigeons are generally turned out at twenty-one yards, the knack of killing them consists in firing the instant they are up, and being careful not to shoot under them, as they take so hard a blow, that if suffered to fly any distance, they are apt to get out of bounds before they fall. The larger the gun and the charge, the wider the circle of shot, and therefore the better to assist that shaking hand, which, among the most expert marksmen, may be occasioned by anxiety. Plenty of powder, and a light charge of No. 6 shot, will do better for a man while nervous, than very close shooting: or, at all events, till he has become cool and confident, which he generally will find himself, after he has killed a few birds in succession. So little is the art of pigeon-shooting the criterion of a good shot, that many of the very best performers at this, are scarcely third-rate shots at other birds, and some of them perfect cockneys in every other kind of shooting. It must, however, be admitted, that there is more difficulty in shooting pigeons at a regular match than many by-standers are aware of. The man who has to exhibit before hundreds of people, and is perhaps betting hundreds of dollars, feels in general a very different sensation from the one who stands merely a spectator, perfectly composed, and, while in this state, is confident of being able to beat those who are engaged in the match, although they may be shooting infinitely better than he, perhaps, could do, if placed in the same situation. In this, as in everything else, it is far—very far easier to be a fault-finder than a performer.

JONSEY ON THE DOG QUESTION.—Jones, being a great lover of dogs, has a famous breeder, and the pups are in great demand among those who know and appreciate their quality. Jones has a great many friends and whenever any of them visit him, his enthusiasm for dogs leads him to boast of the breed of his own. The result is, his friend makes him promise to save one of the pups for him when the next litter of pups is produced. One day Mrs. Jones inquired in her quiet way:—

"Jones, how many pups will your wonderful dog have?"

"Three or four, perhaps."

"Do you know how many of the next litter you have promised to your friends?"

"No."

"[illegible]ou have already promised thirty-five."

"[illegible]ell," replied Jones, reddening slightly, and speaking [illegible]onsiderable vehemence, "a man that wont promise [illegible] a pup, is a mighty mean man."

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO IX.

And Helen's eyes were of that tint of blue
 So lovely, yet so hard to be defined—
Partaking largely of etherial hue,
 And thus they were a reflex of her mind;
(In fact, I think what Byron said was TRUE,
 And proves how much he'd studied woman kind;)
The SOUL, undoubtedly, gleams from the eyes,
As stars shine clearly from unclouded skies.

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